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The Days.

Lo, Monday is the "washing day,"
As all good housewives know,
Memorable of dinners hashed
And clothes as white as snow;
And Tuesday is the "ironing day,"
'Mid cold or fog or heat;
And Wednesday is the "sewing day,"
To see the clothes are neat;
And Thursday is a leisure day,
And Friday brooms begin
To sweep away the household dirt,
'Fore Sunday is ushered in,
And Saturday is "baking day,"
Pies, puddings, cakes and bread,
And then, the weary week is done
And we may go to bed!

Hibernia's Welcome.

At a reception given to the American team in Ireland, the following poem was read by a lady:

Robed as Hibernia's daughter, lo! I stand,
Like you, a guest in dear old Ireland.
Ye riflemen, by favor of our Gunns,
Columbia's daughter hails Columbia's sons.
Had I ten thousand hands, with all I'd meet ye;
Had I ten thousand tongues, with welcome greet ye.
Tho' time and space may seem to interpose,
And 'twixt our shores a cruel ocean flows,
With magic wand I touch the electric springs
An instant a responsive answer brings,
Which proves, however distant be each land,
Both nations are united heart and hand.
Our sires, by famine and by wrongs oppress,
Found ever shelter in the glorious West;
And in their children's heart left still enshrined
The love of home that distance could not blind
Then by their honored ashes, by their graves,
We greet you brothers from across the waves.
Brothers in blood as well as hearts and speech,
Brought here together by our favorite Leech.
Welcome, then welcome; and a happy time,
Marr'd by no weeping from our tearful clime.
We wish propitious skies—yet still we deem
The reigning favorite the rifle team.
Come to our feast—with love our hearts are full—
The fatted calf we'll kill—it is a bull.
Soon when arrayed in contest you may try
The metal of that bull—but mind his eye.
Ye strive in friendship; if you win you'll meet
No heartier cheering than from those you beat.
And if your brother's win, you won't despair?
You still have left a younger brother's share.
Ireland in either case is doubly blest,
She wins the most in losing to her guest.
Oh! may the spirit of the blessed dead—
O'Connell, on whose tomb warm tears are shed,
And Washington, with all that noble throng
Whose names are ever an unceasing song—
Who strove for liberty, now by your hand,
And silent bless each patriotic band;
And so we welcome you, with hands, hearts, eyes,
Cead mille failthe echoes to the skies.

THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.

It was about the end of the last century that a party of middle-aged gentlemen, all commercial travelers, were assembled in the large smoking room of the Lambton Inn, a celebrated commercial house on the outskirts of Gateshead. While the party enjoyed themselves, sounds of an approaching vehicle were heard and a stranger entered, who announced himself as the son of an old acquaintance of the party and a fellow traveler, Tom Thornbury. The young stranger announced that he expected to meet his father at the inn, but the party speaking almost together declared that he would not be there, as the road was alive with footpads, which made it dangerous to travel over.

No sooner did the young man hear this statement than he started up, and declared that he should drive to Durham. The party endeavored to persuade him to the contrary, but go he would, and was just about starting when the sound of wheels was heard coming rapidly along the road. Then came lusty cries for help, and the next instant a chaise drew up in front of the inn door.

"Help, help! for God's sake, help!" cried the driver of the gig as he dashed into the yard.

"What is the matter?" shouted a dozen voices.

"Matter! why, murder's the matter!" answered the man, springing out of the chaise. "Here, lend a hand some of you. Don't stand gazing there like a lot of fools; the man may be still alive; I could not examine him on the road."

"Who is he?" demanded several.

"How should I know?" replied the man, surlily; "there's no moon to-night, and I don't carry a lantern with me."

"Is it some of the old work, Ben?" asked Mr. Gresham, tremulously.

"Oh, is that you, Gresham!" said the man, turning round. "I don't know what to make of this. It's murder, I fear, for the blood ran over me as I picked the poor fellow up. The mare found him; she made a stop, nearly throwing me out of the gig. I got down to lead her, and kicked against the body. At first I thought it was a drunken man, but I found my hands wet on touching him, and I knew it was blood. I wrapped him in his cloak, put him in the gig, and drove here as quickly as I could. There, lift him gently. Joe, run for a surgeon; take him into the bar and lay him on the table."

The body, muffled up in a large traveling cloak, was carried in and placed as Mr. Radley, the new comer, had directed.

"Ah, he's dead enough," said Radley, as he threw back the cloak; "quite dead."

The surrounding crowd leant over to see the face. A shrill cry of horror rang through the room, and Herbert Thornbury threw himself on the body, as he exclaimed:

"Oh, God! my father!"

Ben Radley, who had brought in the body of the unfortunate traveler, was a traveler himself, and was known as Lucky Ben. He had been attacked on the road many times, and as often shot at, but had always escaped. The next day Ben Radley and Gresham, another traveler, were sent for by young Thornbury, who announced to them that he had sent on a request to be appointed in his father's place. He added, quietly: "I shall continue to travel, but it shall be the same round as my father did. I have sworn to discover his murderer, and I will."

"A noble determination, Mr. Thornbury," exclaimed Radley. "I have lost one of my oldest and best friends to-night; will you replace him? Your father and I, sir, traveled many and many a mile together; and I trust you and I shall do the same. There is my hand on it; if you take it, we become firm companions, and I will help you in the search you propose."

Herbert Thornbury took the proffered hend, and said:

"I accept your offer, Mr. Radley. Come what may, I am determined either to meet the same fate as my father, or to discover his murderer. I swear it on his body."

As he spoke he stretched his hand out toward the bed, and raised his eyes to haaven.

"He must be delirious," said Mr. Gresham to the other bagmen as they left the room.

"Not he," replied Radley; "he means what he says."

* * * * *

Two years had passed since the occurrence related. The inquest had been held, and a verdict of "Willful murder" had been returned against some person or persons unknown; but the constables had failed to discover the murderer.

Radley and Herbert Thornbury traveled much together, and seemed never to give up the search for the murderer. On several occasions they had traveled the Durham road in company; nay, they had stopped at the very spot where the body had been found, in hopes of being attacked, but had never been able to discover anything.

One evening Mr. Radley was seated in the commercial room of the Cathedral Hotel, Durham, smoking, and talking to a young traveler, who was partaking rather plentifully of a bowl of punch.

"Bah!" cried the young man; "you may tell those stories to the marines. I'm not to be frightened, I can assure you. To-night I start for Gateshead."

"You may laugh as much as you please, young sir," said Radley, quietly; "but for all that, what I tell you is true."

"I don't deny your word, my dear fellow," cried the young man. "But you yourself own that for two years the road has been safe enough."

"Aye! but then Mr. Thornbury and I have guarded it."

"And where is Mr. Thornbury now?"

"Traveling south of this," replied Mr. Radley, waving his pipe.

"But you are going to Gateshead to-night?" said the young man.

"Yes; I am bound by oath to go that way by night as often as I can."

"Well, can't you wait and go with me?"

"No; I travel only with one man, and that is Mr. Thornbury. Besides, you have to wait here for an hour or so, and I must be off at once," replied Radley, as he rose from his chair, and put on his coat. "I hear John bringing round my gig now."

"Well, I'll see you off," cried the young man. "Come and have a glass before you go. Here's to our next meeting, which will be at the Lamberton Inn, Gateshead."

"Ah! to-morrow you mean?" said Radley.

"No, to-night," replied the young man, gayly.

"Are you still determined?"

"Nothing can shake me."

"Well, I like your pluck; but, perhaps, you'll think better of it."

"I'll bet you a bowl of punch I do not."

"Done!" cried Radley, "and if you arrive safely, we'll drink it to-night."

By this time they had arrived at the inn door, here they found the gig waiting. Radley shook hands with the young fellow, jumped into the trap, shook the rains, and rattled away at full speed.

"He's a venturesome sort of a fellow," said the ostler; "blessed if I'd like his journey."

"Eh! why not?" demanded the young man.

"Oh, he'll be picked off one of these nights, for all of his being Lucky Ben."

"But do you really think the road is so dangerous?"

"To be sure it be. It's only Mr. Radley and young Mr. Thornbury, who, we know is cracked about his father's murder, that will go that way after dark."

"Dear me, this is very singular," said the young man to himself, whose courage did not seem so high now Radley had departed.

"I don't think I'll go to-night, after all. It is much better to lose a bowl of punch than one's life."

He was about entering the house when a gig drove into the inn yard. He turned in idle curiosity to see who it was, hoping that it might be fellow bagman, who would bear him company the rest of the evening.

"Is Mr. Radley here?" demanded a man, as he sprang from the gig.

"Lor', Mr. Thornbury, how pale you are," said the ostler; "who would have thought of seeing you, sir; has anything happened?"

"Why don't you answer my question?" demanded Herbert Thornbury, sharply. "Is Mr. Radley here?"

"He left near upon an hour ago, sir," said the young bagman.

"Where has he gone?"

"To Gateshead."

"Then I must follow him," cried Thornbury, springing into the gig.

"Look here, Mr. Thornbury," said the ostler, "you've been overdriving your mare, sir; she's cast a shoe and gone lame. If you will go you must have another horse."

Thornbury gave orders that another horse should be put into the gig while he stepped into the little private parlor to get some refreshment, where he was followed by Mr. Davis, who had considerably more impudence than courage.

"Mrs. Popinjay," said Herbert to the landlady, "you knew my father?"

"Indeed I did, sir; and a nicer gentleman never lived."

"Do you remember a certain ring he wore?"

"Yes, sir; indeed I do. Ah! poor gentleman," sobbed the landlady.

"To-day I have found it," continued Herbert.

"Good heavens! where?" cried Davis, jumping forward.

"Who are you, sir?" said Herbert, who until then had not noticed Mr. Davis's presence, "who dares play eavesdropper?"

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I did not know what you were going to say and"—

"Tut, it does not matter," cried Herbert; "in a little time all will be known. This very day I found that ring in a shop at Bishop Auckland."

"Indeed!"

"I knew it directly; it is now in the keeping of the constables who are on the track. I must see Radley to-night; he and I will help the constables; we will never rest until my father's murder is revenged." Without saying another word, he hurried out to the gig.

"What a rate he drives at," said Mr. Davis, as he watched it depart.

"He won't reach Gateshead in safety to-night, if he goes in that way," said the ostler.

Mr. Davis looked up at the inky sky; a drop of rain fell upon his nose, chilling his whole frame; so he walked back to Mrs. Popinjay's snug little back parlor, where he spent the evening talking to that worthy lady. Meanwhile Thornbury was making the best of his way along his lonely road.

He rattled through the little village of Chester-le-Street as the ale houses were closing, but he did not stop.

Out again into the bleak, wild country. A sharp rain was falling, making the roads so soft that the sound of the horse's hoofs and the wheels could scarcely be h ard.

The mare did her best, but Thornbury soon discovered that she was not so good as his own horse; still, he urged her on, and she, being a willing animal, kept well to the collar.

He had just passed the cross roads at Pelaw when the gig bumped into some heavy ruts; the mare plunged forward and then stood still.

"Whoa, mare," cried Thornbury, "what is up now?"

Throwing the heavy rug he had around his legs over the high back chair of the gig, he alighted to see what was the matter. The trace had broken.

"Curse it," he cried, "it's my luck. Well, never mind, I must mend it the best way I can."

He pierced the pieces of leather and strapped the ends together. In doing this he had to bend his head down close to the trace to see how to work, and even then he had great difficulty in avoiding cutting himself.

In the midst of his work he glanced up, and sprang back with horror. There, in the seat he had just left, sat a man. The dim, shadowy outline could be just perceived by the faint glimmer of the gig lamp.

"Great heaven, what is this!" he exclaimed, as he seized the lamp, and taking it from the socket held it so that its light fell full on the figure. The next instant he burst into a loud laugh.

"Only to think I should take my old rug, stuck up on the gig back, for a man. Well, it did look like it—and—and this very place above all others. The very spot."

He replaced the lamp and continued his work, and had just completed it when he heard the sound of a vehicle coming rapidly down the road.

Onward, onward came the sound; it was now close upon him, and he could hear the gig or chaise slacken its pace. He was about to call out and demand who was there, when the sharp report of a pistol rang in the air, and he saw the rug that had been placed on the seat, and which he had mistaken for a man, topple over.

The mystery was cleared up now—he had discovered his father's murderer.

The next moment the gig drew up, and a man sprang into Thornbury's, evidently thinking that he had shot the driver. Thornbury saw the would-be murderer stoop down as if to rifle the dead body he imagined was there, and quick as lightning he sprang upon him.

The struggle lasted but a few moments. Thornbury had the advantage over the other, and his hatred and determination gave him double strength. He seized his adversary by the throat, and bent his head violently on the iron rail on the splashboard. At first the man only struggled to escape, but at last he endeavored to draw a pistol from his pocket. Seeing his intention, and taking advantage of his having let go his hold, Herbert dashed the man's head back with more violence than ever; the fellow uttered a deep groan, and fell back senseless.

While this struggle had been going on, the terrified horse had dashed on its way, so that by the time Herbert had conquered his man the lights of Gateshead were in view.

Gathering up his reins he urged on the horse, at the same time placing his feet on his prostrate foe so that he might not escape.

As he approached the inn he shouted loudly for help, so that when he arrived there he found the yard full of people.

"What is it, Mr. Thornbury," cried one.

"What's the matter, sir?" shouted another.

"I've been attacked on the road."

"Gracious goodness," cried the landlady. "Thank goodness you escaped."

In a minute a dozen willing hands were laid upon the prostrate man, and he was dragged from the carriage.

Herbert Thornbury tore the mask from the face, and started back with a cry of horror, as he exclaimed:

"Great heavens! Benjamin Radley!"

It was too true; there he stood, with hanging head and downcast eyes—Lucky Ben, the favorite of the commercial room, the murderer of his friends. He freely confessed his crime, and met the just punishment he deserved. In his confession he stated that it was his habit to start for Gateshead some time before his intended victims. He then had waited for them to pass, and had then extinguished his lamps and followed them. The poor creatures, hearing the sound of wheels, had naturally supposed that it was a brother bagman, and had pulled up to wait for him. When he was near he had deliberately taken aim, and shot them through the head. He then rifled the bodies, and put them in the chaise, turned the horses down some by-path, and sent them off full gallop. When he killed old Thornbury, he had brought in the body himself to avoid suspicion. For the same reason he had on several occasions fired bullets through his clothes to give the idea he had been attacked.

"When I heard young Thornbury take the oath to discover his father's murderer," he added, "I felt convinced that if the crime was to be detected he was the man to do it. I therefore determined to join with him, so as to lead him on the wrong track, and divert suspicion from myself. The man I intended to murder last was a young traveler named Davis, who told me he was coming on to Gateshead. I thought Thornbury was far away at the time, or I should not have attempted it."

These were the last words of Lucky Ben.

A Romantic Incident.

There is a very romantic incident likely to be connected with the present visit of the sultan of Zanzibar to London. A sister of his, when a young girl, in spite of the restraints which are thrown around women in the East, became acquainted with a young German clerk in the house of a Zanzibar merchant, and the two fell in love with each other. In order to be united to him she escaped to Aden, and there she was married and also baptized. The brother of the present sultan was then on the throne, and he and her other relatives were of course, incensed at her elopement, at her change of religion and her marriage to a Christian, and wholly disowned her. She accompanied her husband to Europe, and they resided at Hamburg till he met with an accident about 1870 which caused his death. His widow, who had become a highly-educated and accomplished woman, removed to Dresden for the education of her children. Her noble character, her beauty, and her romantic history have attracted the attention of many people of influence in Germany, including some members of the imperial family, and when the sultan's visit to England was arranged it was felt that an opportunity was presented for effecting a reconciliation between her and the brother from whom she has been so long estranged. With a view to this she has gone to London, and is at present staying in the house of a well-known member of Parliament.

A Grand Hotel.

It is not often, says a "friend" from Pennsylvania, that I puff a hotel; but when I pay my bill at the rate of four dollars a day for sleeping in the 'milky way" and feeding on a bill of fare, it's a privilege and a pleasure to mention such an institution. The Atlanta (Georgia) is the largest hotel, I presume, in the world. Many people who go up in the sky-parlors to repose never come down, but go right on through to the moon without change of elevators, and those who have written back say they could smell the hair-oil on the hair of the clerks all the way up. The halls are so long and winding that many waiters get lost while going after a pitcher of water, and are never heard of until their remains are found years after. I went in there one morning and ordered breakfast. A small colored boy took my order, and it was so far out to the kitchen that he was grown and gray-headed when he got back. The hotel is a very large hotel, and everything about it is large, from the feet of the clerks, the mouths of the waiters, to the bills. It is provided with all modern conveniences, hot and cold water, bay-windows, idiots, dirty sheets, everything to make the traveler happy, including an undertaker's establishment for the accommodation of such boarders as starve to death while waiting for the waiters. It is a very large hotel, and everybody stops there just once.

An Indiana young woman has gone blind from using candy paint to redden her cheeks. This fact should open the eyes of other young women, but it won't.

If, says a contemporary, Brigham Young wore an additional "weed" on his hat every time he lost a wife or mother-in-law, it is estimated his hat would have to be twenty-seven feet high.

A Circus Raid.

Recently at St. Paul, Minn., a circus was seized for debt. Shortly after the sheriff took possession of the concern a preconcerted effort was made to run off the horses, and the movement was almost entirely successful. Everything being quiet around the large tent at a given signal twenty-two men, under the lead of Costello, mounted as many horses, and dashed away over the hills. The officers and their assistants made an attempt to stop the wholesale horse-stealing business, but it was entirely abortive, for the mounted men were armed with revolvers, which they brandished in a way that rendered any effort at their capture as futile, as it would have been foolhardy by the unarmed civilians who were left in charge of the effects of the circus. Besides, the whole affair was so adroitly managed that the horses were mounted and the men away and out of sight before the dumbfounded officers were fully aware of what was the matter with them.

Most of the horses and their riders took the old road out of the city, and those who saw them scamper away pell-mell over the bluffs describe the scene as amusing as well as exciting. A few of the men had supplied themselves with saddles and bridles; some however were bareback riders, while others dispensed with bridles and got away with halters, itching straps, ropes or whatever could be rendered available for guiding a nag in the direction of Fairbault. It seemed also to be an all-important idea with the galloping equestrians to get outside of Ramsey county in the shortest possible space of time, and with that end in view the men spurred on with their utmost speed, but cast furtive glances through the clouds of dust in their rear, as if they expected every moment to have an officer's hand laid upon their shoulders. The last seen of the troopers they were scouring over the placid bosom of Dakota county, and creating speechless astonishment among the rural inhabitants of that section.

Parasite Friends.

There are thousands of minute parasitic insects, which destroy those of larger size; but in the general neglect of entomological science they have been overlooked, and their value to man is little more than guessed at. Ninety nine persons in a hundred in finding one of the common green tobacco or tomato worms infested with parasites would crush it, while the healthy specimens might be passed unnoticed. Now, a well known parasitic fly attacks these worms, as they are called, although they are properly the larvæ of the five spotted sphinx, a large moth frequently found flying around at night. The fly deposits her eggs in the larvæ, where they feed upon the flesh between the skin and vital parts, never entering the latter, as this would kill the victim too soon for their purpose. When the larvæ of the fly attains its maturity, it comes out upon the surface, and there spins itself a small white cocoon of gossamer fineness, these cocoons being fastened to the skin by one end standing erect, and of course quite conspicuous, would consequently attract the eye of any one looking for worms. Such infested specimens should never be injured, because they are sure to die, and the parasites, if left to themselves, will continue the good work of destruction.

The green cabbage worm, which has made such fearful ravages during the past half dozen years, is now rapidly disappearing under the attacks of a similar parasite, which has followed these pests from their home in Europe. By knowing the habits of the various species of insects, as well as their enemies, we are frequently enabled to combat them successfully; otherwise our efforts to destroy are of no avail.

The Dunkers' Love Feast.

The Reading (Penn.) *Times* says that the annual love feast of the Dunkers is in progress on the farm of Mr. Johnson Miller, near Litiz, on the line of the Reading and Columbia railroad. The exercises are held in a barn, the northern side of which is occupied by the women and children, and on the south side the men sit, entirely separated from their wives, sisters, and sweethearts by a stout plank platform five feet high, their hats laid on an extension of boards, which serve as a very convenient hatrack. Bishop David Garlick, of Mount Joy, directs the religious services, assisted by three or four preachers from other counties. The services are conducted in the English and German language, sermons, singing, and prayers alternating in the two languages. No hymn-books are used, the words being lined out by the preacher in the singing tone of the olden time, and the congregation heartily responding. There are five meeting-houses in the district, one near Litiz, one near Manheim, one at Petersburg, one at Mount Hope, and the other at Graybill's near Pennville. A large concourse of people are in attendance. The general expenses are paid by voluntary contribution, and the provisions are furnished by the members according to their means. None of the clerical order receive any salary. The place of worship is delightfully cool, and its rude and novel appearance in no wise detracts from the fervor or effectiveness of the services. The practice of the men kissing each other is one of the striking features of their salutations.

Terrible Ride for a Horse.

Says the Bennington (Vt.) *News*: A horse intended for the delivery department of a Bennington office was shipped from Troy, and was put into a box car with several carboys of oil of vitriol. The horse being only tied with a halter, soon got to kicking around and smashed one of the carboys, which were easily within reach. The fiery stuff soon got on to the horses legs; as it burned in the suffering of the poor animal must have been intense. More kicking was in all probability indulged in till the frantic horse was completely saturated with the vitriol. During that long ride, boxed up in that small car, with the vitriol eating into the flesh, imagine the sufferings of that poor brute. The horse became so frantic that it broke its fastenings and jammed its head against the side of the car. When the car was opened the legs of the horse were found all swollen up and nearly raw. The animal was brought up to the Stark House stable, where, placed in a box stall, it was attended to by a veterinary surgeon, who says that he can save the horse, but we think that even if he can save him, the horse will be well nigh ruined.

A Charmed Life.

A German, engaged in collecting and shipping bones, while in pursuit of his occupation recently, a few miles from Buffalo, on the Kansas Pacific railroad, was attacked by a small party of Indians They circled around him with a great deal of ostentation, and kept up a steady fusilade; but although there were thirteen bullet holes in his hat and clothes, he escaped without a scratch to his skin. He was armed with a sixteen shooter, and he thinks one or two of the redskins carried off some of his lead in their bodies. He never stopped walking, except long enough to fire, and kept up this sort of a fight for five miles.

An Engaged Couple

A writer in the *St. James's Magazine*, speaking of engaged couples, says: According to popular belief, they pass their time in loving talk and a feverish longing for the wedding day. Is this quite the case? Does not Edwin sometimes secretly feel that he has been rather too impatient already, and that some benefit might result from an indefinite postponement of the event? At his club, to select friends, the youth scruples not to style this sweet courtship "a horrid bore," while he opines that the sooner the job (that is, the wedding) is over—if it must come off at all—the better for those concerned. He does not generally dilate on the romantic side of the affair. Instead of dwelling on the intensity of his passion, he tries to make his friends believe Angelina a great prize in the matrimonial market, not exactly for herself, but because her papa had behaved most liberally in the matter of dower. Sometimes Edwin rather exaggerates when speaking of this parental generosity; not seldom he is smarting under a sense of having been taken in, just at the very time when he endeavors to make people believe he has got the best of the monetary arrangements. It is even necessary to keep up his credit for astuteness by insinuating that he has managed the matter with infinite wisdom, and the ever-gnawing conviction of having been swindled is therefore kept within his own breast, perhaps to bear evil fruit in future years. But if Edwin proves himself thus mercenary and cold-hearted during the days of courtship, surely it is far different with the gentle Angelina. Of course her heart palpitates with love, fear, hope, bliss, and all the other delicious emotions which may be expected in a bride-elect, while her mind is divided between tender regret for the old life now on the eve of closing and timorous joy in the happy new existence. To a woman so situated there must be some quiet sorrow, some vague fear in remembrance of the past and thoughts of the future, and therefore we may expect to find Angelina abstract herself from mundane affairs in order the better to contemplate the approaching crisis of her life. She does not quite do that; perhaps Edwin might not like such melancholy work. But she certainly does not dedicate her mind to the future by surrendering all her faculties to the acquisition of a magnificent trousseau, while her conversation runs more on dress, jewelry and the honeymoon trip than on the responsibilities of married life.

Lace Sacks.

Lace sacks will be a popular outside garment for midsummer, says a fashion journal. The favorite shapes are long, neatly fitted in the back, loose in front, of equal length all around, with half-flowing sleeves. It is safer to buy this shape than those with long front and short back, or any other fanciful shape that is conspicuous when the fashion changes. Guipure lace sacks are especially stylish this season. The come in rose and striped patterns of the best French guipure, edged with lace to match, for $65 and upward. Those with jet beads in the meshes are left over from last season, as beads are not seen on new laces. Lower priced jackets have imitation guipure centers that can scarcely be told from real lace, and are bordered with real guipure edge. These cost from $20 to $40. Ladies who are expert needlewomen make their own lace jackets. They are the French sack pattern with only one seam down the back, and with a row of insertion in all the seams. Large figures and striped patterns are most effective in these home-made sacks. Llama lace sacks will be more generally worn than ever, as no lady now objects to wearing this durable lace. Rich women who have fine thread lace sacks or shawls buy a substantial llama jacket to save the fragile thread garment; on the other hand, llama lace is now so inexpensive that it is bought by women of limited means who cannot afford any other lace. The designs imitate those of thread lace jackets, and the shapes are precisely the same—long slender sacks even all around, almost as close fitting as basques, and with medium flowing sleeves. The prices range from $19 to $30; those at $30 are as fine as any sold last year for $40; those at $25 are also very desirable. Merchants say laces are lower priced this season than they have been for many years.

One of their Anecdotes.

One example of the way in which Moody and Sankey, the American revivalists in England, talk to the people there in the way of anecdotes is thus given by an English paper: Not long ago there was a man complaining about my talking about names written in the Book of Life; he did not believe in it. It took some time to look the subject up, and I was amazed to find so much in Scripture about names being written in the Book of Life. Two years ago a friend of mine that was in London was going back to America. She went to Liverpool with a party of American friends, and they were talking about what hotel they should stop at, and decided to go to the Northwestern. The hotel was full, and as they were starting to find another, they said to my friend: "Are not you going with us?" My friend said: "No I am going to stay here." "Oh, no," they said; "you cannot stay here." But my friend said: "I am going to stay." "How is it?" "I have got a room." "Where did you get it?" "Why, I sent my name on ahead." She had telegraphed a few days before and secured a room. And that is just what the children of God are doing now; they are sending their names on ahead and getting them down in the Book of Life. They are not waiting for the dying minute. My friend, send your name on ahead to-night, and if you really want it there, God will put it there.

A Splendid Woman Smuggler.

The custom house inspectors at New York noticed a lady on one of the English steamers who appeared to be very much overdressed. She was one solid mass of furbelows and frills, and over her elegant black silk costume she wore an India shawl, which completely enveloped her person. She was stopped and escorted into the searcher's room, where the female in attendance "went through her," and was rewarded by finding on her person more than $5,000 worth of jewels, laces and gloves. The gloves were found sewed up in the inside lining of her bustle, and the lace inside a large braid of false hair which she wore. Her undergarments were all made to contain various articles, even her corsets being made to do service in cheating Uncle Sam. The guilty woman cried bitterly. She is a lady well connected, and was allowed to go free upon payment of the sum total due the government.

The new ruler or guikwar of Baroda, selected by the viceroy of India, is Gopal Rao, an adopted son of the predecessors, and brother of Mulher Rao, the prince just deposed. The prime minister and real governor of Baroda, however, will be Sir Madhova Rao, one of the ablest native statesmen of India. He is of an old Tanjore family, a Brahmin of Brahmins, and was formerly prime minister of Travancore, which he made the model native state of India, giving it fine roads, bridges, hospitals, schools, and ports for shipping.

That Hired Girl.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents, book peddlers, hat rack men, picture sellers, ash buyers, ragmen, and all that class of people must be met at the front door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse 'em if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up to 'em, and when she got through talking the checkiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door bell never rang except for company.

The other day as the lady of the house was enjoying a nap, and Sarah was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man, dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and he was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is Mr. —ah"—

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I'd like to see—see!"—

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon, "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You are mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly, "I called to"—

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady's in, and I'm in, and you're out!" she snapped, "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a fly-trap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile, "I'm the new"—

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with a patent flatiron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card and say that I called?"

"No, I won't. We're bored to death with cards and handbills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day!"

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked, as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings!"

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I'll heave a flower pot at you!"

"I will call again," he said as he went through the gate.

"It won't do you any good!" she shouted after him; "we don't want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again he'll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!"

And she took unusual care to lock the door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Little Boy's Forethought.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* has this interesting story: The Cincinnati day express, going east, left Connersville on time, and was flying on its way at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, when approaching a bridge over a river, a few miles from Connersville the engineer noticed a small boy in the middle of the track motioning wildly with his arms. The heavy rains for several days before had caused the man at the throttle no little anxiety, and in a moment it flashed over his mind the bridge, but a very short distance ahead, was at least damaged by the freshet. With one hand he reached for the whistle, and with the other he reversed the engine. The train employees heard no ordinary stopping signal in the keen, short whistle, and in a moment conductor, bagageman, and all the train employees were helping the regular brakemen wind the chains that were perhaps the only hopes of saving the lives of all on board. The train was stopped within but a few steps of where the bridge once rested on the abutment. The structure had been washed entirely away, and had it not been for the boy the entire train would have gone into the river, as the bridge was just at the end of a curve and so hidden by trees that its disappearence would not have been noticed until too late. As soon as the passengers had gotten over the shock the full realization of their danger had caused, a search was made for the boy. He was found sitting down off to one side of the track, shaking as if he had a chill, so badly was he frightened. Every one on the train flocked around the brave little fellow, who said he was eleven years old, and almost crushed him in their joyful anxiety to even touch his body. He innocently said he did not begin shaking until he sat down, thereby showing that not until he had seen the train stop in safety did his nerves give way. He said his name was Davis and that he lived near by, pointing to a farm house. He was on his way home from a neighbor's when he discovered that the bridge had been washed away since passing an hour previous. He remembered the down passenger train, and knowing it was about time it came along, hurried up the track to give warning. He had only arrived at the spot where he was noticed by the engineer when the train came along. One of the passengers, and elderly Quaker lady, gave him five dollars, which he was reluctant to accept, although the conductor informed her that the officers of the road would reward the boy. The following day Superintendent Williams arrived at the scene and hunting out the hero gave him what money he had about him, some $20, with the promise that whenever he wanted anything at all that he should apply to him.

Crime the Result of Automatism.

A striking analysis of the mental status of the criminal classes, which seems to occupy a middle ground between the theory of morbid impulse of Dr. Hammond and Professor Huxley's ideas as to the automatism of all animals, has recently been made by Dr. Despine and confirmed by Dr. Thomson, resident surgeon of the general prison for Scotland.

Dr. Despine arrives, after a thorough search of court records, prison statistics, habits of individuals, and of all other possible and available sources of information, at a belief in the entire absence of a moral sense in the criminal class. He says that free will, which in the normal man is only controlled by a sense of duty, in the criminal has no such counterbalance, this sense being wanting. His acts are therefore mentally automatic, the result of the strongest instinct, appetite or passion prevailing at the time. Although intellectually cognizant of the moral standard of society, the criminal yields to natural passion or appetite, unrestrained and unreproached by any feeling of impropriety. Hence the remarkable *sang froid* seen in hardened offenders under the most trying circumstances, and the superficial character of any apparent reformation or conversion.

It is strange how soon some wives can tell their husbands "they ain't worth salt," but you let 'em get killed on a railroad and see how quick she'll sue the company for $50,000.

The Press and its Duty.

From the address of Editor Bright before the Wisconsin Editorial Association we clip the following interesting paragraph: Among the immoralist editors are those who are ever ready to chuckle at the downfall of good people. If a man or woman who has always borne a good reputation, who has belonged perhaps to the Christian part of community, falls; if a Christian statesman is caught in any of the peccadilloes to which statesmen are said to be given; or if a minister of the gospel falls; if any of these are even charged with the omission of duties or the commission of wrongs, the undisguised satisfaction and the malignant jeers, the hateful references, the evident effort to turn the event to some account against the very spirit of goodness and decency, the damnable spirit so wonderfully developed by the press for glorying in the downfall of a good man or woman, or a blow struck at a good principle, must make the devil look up from his pit with more than mortal agony or envy. In the notorious Beecher-Tilton controversy which has occupied the attention of the whole world for the past year, we may see a noteworthy example of this, and from it draw a not unuseful lesson. Without even an intimation respecting guilt or innocence; without making our sympathies or convictions prominent, let us consider the part the press of the United States has played in this last twelve months' drama of moral woe and tortured decency. Never has it had such an opportunity for distinguishing itself as the guardian of morality and decency, and never has a glorious opportunity been more recklessly and ruthlessly thrown away. While, with hypocritical cant, it bewailed the heavy blow struck at the cause of religion and morality, it bent itself with a universality most deplorable to the uncanny task of intensifying all that was bad in the scandal, or could be tortured out of it, and made itself the exponent of the lowest tastes of the roughest elements of our society. Instead of doing the noble work thrown in its way in the interests of what should have been to it a most sacred trust; instead of springing willingly and gladly into the social breach, and making itself a noble champion behind whom suffering morality could take refuge, it was quick to strike its strongest blows against her. The scandal has been a hot house of disease for the public mind for many weary months, but great as has been the Brooklyn curse, it is really as nothing compared with the vulture-press which has torn what was foulest from the loathsome carcass, and screaming, borne it all over the country. A pest house, where patients lie writhing in the agonies of loathsome disease, is a thing horrible enough, but how shall we conceive the baseness of the wretches who would go to secure the seeds of dreaded disease and place them in our households where our dear ones could not escape the infection! The trial of Mr. Beecher, it has been held, involved questions of far deeper importance than the guilt or innocence of the great pastor of Plymouth; the existence and sacredness of virtue, and purity, and character, and justice. This is not true, and thank God the fall of no one man can destroy these great principles. But if they had been involved, and if the press had been laboring for their destruction, it could do little more than it has done. And, shameful as it is to acknowledge, much of the so-called religious press has pulled stroke oar in this infamous effort.

Paris Green and the Potato Bug.

Since it was ascertained that paris green was an effective agent for the destruction of the potato bug experiments to determine the effects of the poison upon vegetation and upon vegetables are of great importance. As is proper the agricultural department at Washington is taken the lead in these investigations, and the report for May and June contains some interesting results of the experiments of Mr. William McMurtrie, the chemist of the department. In the case of paris green Mr. McMurtrie has ascertained that vegetation is not seriously affected under the limit of 500 milligrams for the quantity of soil used, which was equivalent to 145.6 grains per cubic foot, or 906.4 pounds per acre, calculating for a depth of one foot. Above this limit the effect of the poison was in proportion to the quantity of the compounds used. These facts argue, Mr. McMurtrie thinks, against the possibility of the accumulation of sufficient arsenic by regular applications of the paris green in the quantities recommended for the destruction of the Colorado potato beetle. The quantities recommended are—for paris green, about 900 pounds per acre; for arsenite of potassa, about 400 pounds per acre; and for arseniate of potassa, about 150 pounds per acre. These experiments seem to prove that arsenic cannot be absorbed and assimilated by the plant in the economy of growth, and from some specimens supplied by Mr. J. S. Nixon, a reputable chemist of Chambersburg, Pa., and an enthusiastic student of the effect of poisons upon the plant and the vegetable, it seems to be satisfactorily determined that the presence of arsenic need not be feared in the potato. This inquiry ought to be carried still further; for if the scourge which threatens to destroy the esculent upon which all the world has learned to depend can be eradicated without injury either to the growth of the plant or the vegetable itself, the pest may soon become comparatively harmless.—*New York Herald.*

What Advertising Did.

A Brooklyn gentleman became tired of his house, which he had built for himself in the country, and determined to sell it. He instructed an auctioneer, famous for his descriptive powers, to advertise in the papers for private sale, but to conceal the location, telling persons to apply at his office. In a few days the gentleman happened to see the advertisement, was pleased with the account of the place, showed it to his wife, and the two concluded it was just what they wanted, and they would secure it at once. So he went to the office of the auctioneer, and told him the place he had advertised was such a one as he desired, and he would purchase it. The auctioneer burst into a laugh, and told him that was the description of his own house where he was living. He read the advertisement over again, pondered over the "grassy slopes," "beautiful vistas," "smooth lawn," "fine garden," "splendid fruit," "good neighborhood," etc., and broke out: "Is it possible? Well, make out my bill for advertising and expenses—for I wouldn't sell the place now for three times what it cost me."

Population of New York State.

It is expected that the aggregate population of the State of New York will reach, in round numbers, at least 5,000,000. Nearly all the cities will show a handsome increase over the census of 1870. It is believed that the return will show

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ..... Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., July 29, 1875.

TERMS.—$2 *per year, in advance,* 2,50 *when not paid in advance.*
Advertisements 20c *per line for three insertions, and for* 6 *and* 12 *months by special contract.*

"Several New York wards have a grog-shop for every dozen persons."—*Boston Post.*

That's where the big Democratic majorities are rolled up.—*Bellefonte Republican.*

Yes, they are such places as Hartranft has been found sneaking into so as to win the grog-shop support.

One would be led to think, from the tenor of the Lewistown Gazette, radical, that its party is spotless and made up altogether of saints; that all radical office-holders are patterns of honesty, fit to go right off into heaven with boots on. It puts down Hartranft and his party as consistent on the temperance question; thinks Treasurer Mackey is honest to the core; that there is no thieving Indian ring at Washington notwithstanding the recent exposures, and that generally and particularly, the rotten, thieving, plundering crew to which it clings, is innocent as a lamb. That kind of white-wash won't stick, Mr. Gazette, and can not be put on thick enough to cover all the rascalities practiced under your state and national administrations.

The Williamsport Bulletin, a red-hot radical sheet, in speaking of the contest for the democratic senatorial nomination in the district says, "It is a district "in which the Republicans naturally "have little interest, the majority against "them being very large, but it is never-"theless in their power to compel the "Democrats to nominate a good man."

Just what the rads now desire that the democrats nominate a corrupt man, which gives them hope to defeat him, as it is evident that the people will not vote for ringsters and roosters. Let the democracy take warning and nominate a pure man. Tamanyism was killed in New York, and the democracy of Pennsylvania will follow the example and put down their Boss Tweeds here. All we want is an honest man--anything else will go under.

Beecher got a hundred thousand when it was over, now what is Elizabeth going to get? If Henry Ward was innocent why of course then Elizabeth is pure as well as poor. If Plymouth church can now make a great fuss over their pastor because the jury did not agree about his innocence, then why not have a big reception for Elizabeth and a general handshaking and congratulation over her in Plymouth style, because she had as much to do with the recent fuss, played as big a part in it, as the Plymouth pastor. It really looks as though the congregation was disposed to be a little reserved with Elizabeth, and they leave her on a sort of ragged edge, while Beecher went off rejoicing with a cool hundred thousand jingling in his pocket and a three months' vacation. If they keep shy of Elizabeth now, it must be because the Plymouthites seem to think her not altogether clear of suspicion, and the same mistrust would make suspicion fall upon the pastor. The right way would have been to have Henry Ward and Elizabeth, arm in arm, to appear before a full assembly of the Plymouth congregation, when brother Sherman could have got up and called for "three cheers for brother Beecher and Elizabeth," thus showing publicly their appreciation of the two at the same time and with the same round of cheers—for cheers are frequently had in Plymouth church. This is the way we would have had the thing done in Centre county. If Plymouth church can embrace Beecher, it must also embrace Elizabeth just as their pastor once embraced her.

We last week made note of the treaty of peace that was framed in Huntingdon county by the two radical factions which have been pulling each others' hair for some years. But it appears that the thing has not simmered down to a point of quietude, and that while the hatchet is buried, there is still a part of the handle sticking out. The editor of the Tyrone Herald, a radical paper who went down to Huntingdon to see the smoking of the pipe of peace, does not seem to think that things are so pleasant, he says:

"The only concession made was by the Scott Committee, when they agreed to the old system of allowing two delegates to the county Convention from each election district, instead upon the basis of fifty, as adopted two years ago.

"Both factions are disappointed, for neither got what they wanted. Some of the best men on both sides seem irreconcilably dissatisfied, and, in all probability will not vote the ticket this fall, but there will be but one Republican convention, but one Republican ticket in the field, and we predict its triumphant election. Many of those now bitterly hostile to the new order of things, will repent of their rashness before the election takes place, and wheel into line, rather than see the Democracy sweep all the stakes from the board. A fight that had become as personal and as bitter as the one in Huntingdon county, cannot be healed in a day or a year. Time alone can wipe out the bitter personalities of the last six years. Neither side have got just what they wanted, and neither side is altogether satisfied, but enough have agreed to the compact to make it binding, so far as such things go. There must be some changes yet, which may cause a little trouble."

In another column the same paper says:

The Huntingdon Journal heartily endorses the work of the two County Committees last Friday, and calls upon all Republicans to unite as one man in support of the union. The Globe is sour, caustically bitter, and in a column article, calls upon the friends of the editor to support him in opposing the "patched up conspiracy" of Woods and Orlady. It seems that Gnss has been deserted "in the house of his friends." He is very severe on some persons, who, of all others, ought to be his friends, and whom he has served not wisely but too well.

We recently warned democrats against the new bastard political party, known as the Sons of '76. This is only a pocket edition of know-nothingism, under the lead of Bill Brown, and his like, to take off democratic votes in Centre county. Now hear what Brown says of his party, in his last week's Advocate—his '76ers, he calls the workmens party:

[From Brown's Advocate, '76er.]

The leaders of the Democratic party need not flatter themselves that the workmen of this Commonwealth are going to rush indiscriminately into the arms of their party. It is true that many of them voted the Democratic ticket last fall, whilst others of their number remained away from the polls, thereby contributing largely to the Democratic victory of last year. Their action at that time was a necessity, as no other means existed whereby they could record their earnest protest against the general cussedness of those who then run and still continue to run the government machine. That necessity does no longer exist, and before the Democracy can reasonably expect any support from the workmen they must first show some evidence of sincerity in their profession by actual demonstration.

A WORD ABOUT CANDIDATES.

The Clinton Democrat has a few fitting observations which we endorse, and commend to the democracy of Centre:

However much opinions may differ about there being full crops of grain this season, we presume there is no one who doubts that there is quite a full crop of candidates. Certainly there can be no complaint that there are not enough to choose from. It is all right if the race be conducted right, which we hope and believe it will. We do not propose to say aught against or for any of the candidates named, nor do we propose to burden them with advice." They are responsible to the public for conducting themselves as they should under the circumstances, and if they do not there is not the least doubt that the rebuke will come at the right time and from the right place." Therefore we think and trust that the high sense of propriety of the Democratic voters of Clinton will prove a sufficient check to restrain candidates in the excitements of a contest from doing anything rash or injurious to the welfare of the party. But what we would particularly say is not to the candidates nor to them indivdually, but to the people, and that is, fellow-citizens, keep in mind the fact that the office belongs to you, and not to the candidates till you give them. Keep that in view, make that your basis, select the best men, and the true principles of Democracy will have been met, the party will have done itself honor, the people will satisfy your selections, and the best interests of State and County will have been served by the election of honorable men to office. The best men is the demand of the hour!

FIRST GUN FROM BROWNE, PROHIBITION CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.

Delivered before the Mercer County Prohibition Convention.

When I heard the proposition made that I should speak I felt a desire to do so. But when I reflected on the time of day I feared that it would intrude on your business, and so expressed myself; nevertheless, I accepted the invitation in kindness. I am just off the road and feel unfitted to make remarks. But throwing myself on your kindness I proceed. During your proceeding—a part of which I heard—recent conversions to the prohibition faith were compared to that of Saul of Tarsus. I myself am a new convert, but I was not a Saul of Tarsus. I did not persecute prohibition. I am not a convert on intemperance, but a convert from the Republicun to the Prohibition party. The Republican party converted me. By a Democratic House and a Republican Senate the nail was driven home to the head, and then clinched on the other side by the Republican Governor Hartranft. [Cheers.] The Republican party is no more the party we helped to organize. It is dead. When a party is dead we ought to bury it. The Republican party was organized to accomplish a great work, which it has nobly done, and is now without an object. The liquor work is a great work—a work yet to be accomplished. I address a convention to-day as does not often meet to do so grand a work. We are weak now, but when "shall we be stronger?" He is not wise that despises the day of small things. I was content to accept a position that subjects me to contempt. I have not sought it; but being in it I mean work. If there is a vote of fifty thousand this fall it will be a mighty triumph. Twelve thousand votes last fall in the State of New York held that State in check. You may hold the balance of power in this State; if not now, at least at an early day. How could you respect yourselves if you should not act this fall in view of the actions of the parties who have not respected those men who came within forty-eight thousand of carrying the State, and in forty-one counties were for prohibition. Had our leaders let local option alone the people would have had a chance to speak again, but they did not want to hear the people speak again. The Supreme Court decided that the local option act was constitutional, and yet it was repealed at the dictation of the friends of the liquor traffic. They tell us that more liquor was sold then than under license. It is as Cæsar says, that "men believe that which they wish to believe." The repeal is a stroke at popular liberty. We had a Governor that could by one stroke of his pen have said, we will await the will of the people who may speak again in a year. If he had done so he would have merited the confidence of the people, and would have gone with a rush into the gubernatorial chair this fall; he would have been re-elected overwhelmingly. What now remains? The last refuge of freemen—the ballot. That is certainly not the best party which would rob us of this weapon of defense; and this the existing parties have attempted. I was truer to the Republican principles than most of the men who speak of it so loudly. I love its principles, but I believe it is hopelessly destroyed. The handwriting is on the wall. It has become a liquor party. The ballot remains to us, the hope of freemen. To vote with Republicans is to have prohibition tacked on to steady the kite which is fastened by a string to the whisky ring and led by them at pleasure. I have not a word to say against Governor Hartranft as a man. But when as a politician he did what he did, I say now I am ready to smash parties. Now I am the candidate of a respectable party. Numbers do not make respectability. I am sorry that some men have the number of our votes at the coming election. If there are three parties this fall, you have a strong party. I think by the way Republicans talk they think that they are beaten. Now I appeal to Republican friends not to throw away their votes this fall on Governor Hartranft or on Henry Rawle. [Cheers.]

A MODOC ON THE REPORTER.

[From the Dem. Watchman of 23.]

The Centre Hall Reporter of this week, and the Republican of last, fully agree as to who should be the Democratic nominees at the coming convention. Whether the two papers—both in the interest of the radical party—both laboring to create divisions in the ranks of the Democracy—will be able to dictate the Democratic ticket, remains to be seen.

A mistake on the part of the Modoc organ. The Republican is—and will admit it—in favor of Meek for Senator, and so is Brown, the leader of the '76ers. The only real division we ever had, was the Modoc treason, which was bred in and got its votes from Meek's camp. Both the radical papers favor Gray, because they are under obligations to him for services rendered by him to their party on the Modoc movement and on his selling out the Philadelphia democrats to the ring on the Building commission, which the Republican has admitted, and which the Philadelphia Age has proven.

IMPORTANT LEGAL DECISION.

At the last term of court, held in this county, a decision was rendered by his Honor Judge Williams, that is of great importance to the owners of unseated lands, lumbermen and purchasers of land at tax sales. In the case of Mersereau vs. Harris et al., the plaintiff purchased at the June sales in 1874 two tracts of land belonging to the defendants for which he received a deed from the County Treasurer. Last winter the defendants without redeeming the lands let the job of taking off the pine timber, and had taken off about two million feet, when the plaintiff applied by bill for an injunction to restrain the defendants from cutting until they should redeem the lands. Judge Williams at Chambers granted a rule returnable at court, to show cause why an injunction should not issue. Upon hearing the argument he refused to grant the injunction, and on motion dismissed the bill.

The Judge held that the purchaser at tax sale took no title. That the owner of the land at the time of the tax sale retained the legal title, with all the rights of ownership. That he could cut and remove the timber, or anything else that might be on it or a part of the land, the same as though the land had not been sold for taxes. That the purchaser had no right under his tax deeds until the expiration of the term of redemption; and no remedy in law or equity, although the owner might remove all the timber or anything else of value on the land before the two years expired, and thus, if the land was of no value except for timber, compel the unlucky purchaser at tax sale to lose the money he had paid the County Treasurer for the lands.

This ruling was a great surprise to the legal profession, as the opposite view of the question had prevailed generally among attorneys, and on account of the acknowledged legal ability of Judge Williams the decision is the most important ever rendered in this county. Without some legislation to protect purchasers it will not hereafter be safe for any one to bid off land at treasurer's sales, as before the time for redemption expires the owner may strip the land of all its value, and leave the unlucky purchaser with nothing but his treasurer's deed and an empty purse to remind him of his investment. This of course is a great and serious defect in the tax laws, and unless remedied will make it difficult, if not impossible to collect taxes on a large portion of the unseated lands, as a large portion are valuable only for the timber there is on them and with the timber removed they are not worth the taxes.—[Emporium Independent.]

"When the Democrats surrendered control of the State administration of Pennsylvania, the debt of the Commonwealth was over forty millions. It has since been decreased, by the prudent management of Republican officials, to 23,000,000, with $9,500,000 in the sinking fund, making the actual indebtedness at the present time about $14,000,000."

The above paragraph is a perennial production in the columns of the republican newspapers. It is a half-truth that needs the other half along with it in order that it may not be a whole lie. At the end of the democratic administration there was a debt of $37,969,847, with $10,981,600 in the sinking fund, leaving an actual debt of $26,988,847. Since that time the republican state government have collected $85,000,000 from the people, reduced the sinking fund $1,681,000, and still there is a debt of $14,000,000 unpaid. With democratic administration as conducted by Shunk, Bigler and Packer, continued to this time, there would have been no state debt remaining unpaid.—*Patriot.*

OUR EXPORT TRADE.

The demand for our breadstuffs, cotton and petroleum for foreign shipment is the most encouraging indiction of better times and renewed prosperity for this country which has occurred since the panic of 1873. Last year the market for our fine grain crops was so dead and lifeless that only a small portion of our surplus was disposed of at remunerative prices. Now, all is changed. The failure of the crops in Europe has not been anticipated and the accumulation of breadstuffs in the hands of dealers are totally inadequate to supply the wants of consumers until another crop can be sown and reaped. A sudden demand has been the result and it is likely that during the temporary scarcity of supplies prices will be higher than they will be after it is satisfactorily ascertained that this country is able to supply the deficiency in the European harvest.

The results of this revival of export trade are thus speculated upon by the Philadelphia Ledger:

"Advancing prices for food supplies are generally not very welcome conditions even as preparatory to a revival of trade, but in the present commercial condition of the United States they bring some compensating advantages. Large numbers of American farmers have had two or three poor seasons, some of them short crops, and all of them low prices, and they have had as much as they could do to provide necessaries, with scarcely any surplus money to spend for improvements or for manufactured goods. Hence the demand for goods in many country districts, towns and villages has fallen off, and this, with the depression everywhere, has prevented an activity in general trade. Stagnation has been the rule, and anything that will stir up commercial life will, we think, be welcomed by the community, even though it begins with advancing prices. The farmer sells his surplus wheat for cash, and the more money he gets for it the more goods he can afford to buy. It to this is added a large corn crop, of which there is now every prospect, then the agricultural measures of happiness will be full, and we may hope in a short time to see trade moving with some activity, for the moment the farmers, who are by far the most numerous class, begin buying, then the demand for goods springs up, manufacturing and mechanical work becomes active, and employment gets brisk in all branches. The immediate beginning of activity may come through this foreign demand for American breadstuffs, and the transportation facilities which will consequently be required will add to the activity. The railways with their army of employes will be benefited, and, in fact, they are already feeling the impulse in the transportation of thousands of car loads of wheat from the west to the seaboard under the stimulus of the recent foreign demand. To carry wheat and flour across the ocean idle ships have been called into requisition, and this is not only giving employment at this time to every vessel suitable for the trade, but the demand is in excess of the supply, and the merchant's heart is once more gladdened by incressing freight rates. Once started, the stimulus extends through every branch of the foreign trade, so that there is now an increased demand for vessels at advancing freights, not only for breadstuffs, but also for petroleum, cotton and pretty much every kind of American produce carried across the ocean. So much of promise for the general business of the United States depends upon this revival of the breadstuffs and shipping trades, that we give it prominence, believing that the advancing prices will be more than compensated by the impulse given to general employment and to all branches of business."

TERRIBLE DOMESTIC QUARREL.

Montgomery, July 21.—It is reported a terrible fight has occurred in Perdado, Escambia county, between two families, Hattel and Byers, in which six men, consisting of a father and two sons on each side were engaged. Five were killed outright, while the sixth and last has a load of buckshot in his side, which must cause his death. Both families are said to be of Indian descent. An old family feud.

THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY.

We have already given a summary of the New York Sun's figures, showing the enormous increase in the Presidential allowance, following immediately upon the doubling of the Presidential salary. But there are some facts so very singular, in connection with the detailed figures that we propose to give a few more of them to be pondered upon by our readers.

For the purpose of comparison we shall select the expenses of the last year of the terms of office during the administrations of Pierce and Lincoln respectively, and the present year's expenses of Grant's Administration. These selections present the fairest possible average for the nineteen years that they cover. They are as follows:

Fiscal Year 1856-57—Pierce.

Act making appropriations for certain civil expenses for year ending June 30, 1857:

Compensation of the President	$25,000
Compensation of two night watchmen	1,200
Compensation of two doorkeepers	1,038
Compensation of furnace keeper	365
Annual repairs, improving grounds, &c	6,000
Fuel for President's house	1,800
Total	$35,303

Fiscal Year 1864-65—Lincoln.

Act appropriating for legislative, executive, and judicial expenses for the year ending June 30, 1865:

Compensation of the President	$25,000
Compensation of Secretary to sign land patents	1,800
Compensation of private Secretary, steward, and messenger	4,600
Compensation of two night watchmen	1,200
Compensation of two doorkeepers	1,200
Compensation of furnace keeper	600
Contingent expenses and stationery	2,000

Act appropriating for sundry civil expenses:

Annual repairs of White House, &c	6,000
Fuel for White House	2,400
Repairing and refitting the President's summer residence at Soldier's Home	5,000
Total	$47,500

Fiscal Year 1875-76—Grant.

Act appropriating for legislative, executive and judicial expenses for the year ending June 30, 1876:

Compensation of the President	$50,000
Compensation of furnace keeper	864
Compensation of two policemen at $1,320 each	2,640
Compensation of one night watchman	900
Compensation of one night usher	1,200
Compensation of two door keepers at $1,200 each	2,400
Compensation of private secretary	3,500
Compensation of assistant secretary	2,500
Compensation of two Executive clerks at $2,000 each	4,000
Compensation of steward	2,000
Compensation of messenger	1,200
Compensation to secretary to sign land patents	1,500
Contingent expenses and stationery	6,000
Official postage stamps	600

Act appropriating for sundry civil expenses:

Filling ground south of Executive Mansion	10,000
Relaying curb south of Executive Mansion	1,500
Repairing fountain south of Executive Mansion	3,000
Repairs of Executive Mansion	10,000
Refurnishing Executive Mansion	10,000
Fuel for Executive Mansion	5,000
Care of and repairs of greenhouse	5,000
Total	$124,404

During the last year of President Lincoln's Administration, there was every reason why the expenses of the White House should be unusually large. The war was just then closing and the work of reconstruction was to be begun. Mr. Lincoln's hospitality and his well known generosity were taxed to their fullest capacity and if there ever was a time when the expenses of the Presidential Mansion could have been justifiably large it was during the years 1864-65. And yet we find that Mr. Lincoln only required some $12,000 more than did President Pierce. Mr. Lincoln, while not the best man of his time for President, was a man of plain and simple habits, one who trird, as far as he could, to expend the public revenues economically.

But let us look at the present expenditures at the White House, in comparison with the others given above. During an era of profound peace, and when there was no special tax on that Executive hospitality—or rather at a time when there was no tax whatever on that hospitality—President Grant requires $67,000 per year in addition to his duplicated salary, more than did Mr. Lincoln, and $88,000 more than President Pierce. These latter immense sums represent the amount that Grant is drawing over and above the ordinary expenses of the White House, and in addition to his regular salary of $50,000.

It will be observed that under the Grant *regime*, there is $30,000 appropriated annually for the four items of repairs for the Executive Mansion, refurnishing the same, fuel for the same and repairs upon the greenhouse. These sums of money, set aside for such a purpose, are simply ridiculous. Not one-fourth of it could be used for such a purpose.

Under President Lincoln the allowance for the same purposes amounted to $11,400, and that at a time when the thousands who flocked to the White House every day, made repairs and refurnishment necessary. President Pierce who entertained more largely than Grant, received $7,800 for the same items that Grant receives $30,000 for.

THE SINKING FUND.

PARTIAL REPORT OF THE HOUSE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Direct and Indirect Plunder of the Ring.

To His Excellency, John F. Hartranft, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and J. F. Temple, Auditor General.

The committee of the house appointed to investigate the accounts of the treasury of the state, beg leave to report their proceedings to date. * * * * * *

After organizing, a majority of the committee, with their accountant, called upon the state treasurer at his office, in Harrisburg, and stated by what authority and for what purpose they had called. The state treasurer refused to recognize the committee, denied that they had any authority to investigate, and would not permit their accountant to even look at the books or papers. * * * * * *

Upon this refusal of the state treasurer to permit a full and free investigation, the committee might have rested, conscious that the people of the state would not have required the committee to go further, until the house reassembled, its power was invoked, its dignity maintained, and the books and papers of the treasury opened to a searching and untrammeled investigation.

But the committee have not given up the inquiry on which they started. The best means at their command have been resorted to. * * * * * * *

In this connection the committee call attention to the following facts:

The amendment to the constitution of 1838, adopted in 1857, provided that "unless in case of war, invasion or insurrection, no part of the sinking fund shall be used or applied otherwise than in the extinguishment of the public debt, until the amount of such debt is reduced below the sum of five millions of dollars." A similar provision was inserted in the constitution of 1873.

These would seem to be sufficiently plain and explicit to prevent any inroads upon that fund. Yet, on page 39 of the report of the state treasurer for 1875 will be found this entry:

"By credit authorized to be made under a resolution of the commissioners of the sinking fund, date May 9, 1874, being the whole amount of funds used for general purposes since the creation of the fund $2,867,817.32

The first use of any part of the sinking fund revenues for other purposes than the payment of the public debt appears to have been made about 1866. From that time to 1874, the large sum of nearly three millions of dollars was withdrawn. Had this money been applied to the uses contemplated by the constitution, the state debt would have been that much less, May 9th, 1874.

The committee are aware that an act was approved April 14th, 1870, authorizing the commissioners of the sinking fund, in a certain contingency, to permit the state treasurer to use a part of the sinking fund revenues for the current expenses of the government. As to the validity of this act or its conflict with the constitutional provisions above quoted, the committee will not now express any opinion. But they do call attention to this fact: The public accounts show that more than one-half of the $2,867,817.32 was withdrawn from the fund before the act of April 14th, 1870, was passed. And withdrawn, so far as the committee is able to discover, without the shadow of a legal sanction. Such open disregard of the plainest constitutional provisions cannot but have a pernicious effect on the morality and probity of public officers.

During the period of twelve years, beginning with December 1, 1862, the committee are unable to find that one dollar has been paid into the state treasury on account of interest received on the public moneys. All that time, however, a large amount of state funds has been in the treasurer's control, and by him deposited with various banks and bankers throughout the state. For these twelve years the monthly balance in the hands of the state treasurer, in round numbers averaged $2,100,000.00, varying from the highest monthly balance of $6,853,134.99, August 31st, 1867, to the lowest, $933,729.63, January 31st, 1869. At five per cent. these balances would have netted the receiver over $1,200,000.00.

Or had the money been promptly used to purchase the state six per cent. bonds, the state would have saved interest on the public debt to the amount of over $1,400,000.00, and the debt would in consequence be that much less at this date.

Of course, the state treasurer cannot lawfully appropriate any interest on the public moneys to his own use. To do so, would be to render himself liable to fine, imprisonment and removal from office, (act of March 31, 1860,) or to impeachment and removal from office, (act of May 9, 1874.) Yet, every one must realize that it is not in accordance with the conduct of human affairs, that this large balance should have been deposited with various banks and monetary institutions, at a time, too, when capital was demanding and receiving large returns, and no interest have been paid to the depositor. But if paid, where has it gone? The committee cannot find that one cent ever reached the coffers of the state.

A way to utilize the balance in the treasury, to the benefit of the state, has been open since the sinking fund was established. These balances were a part of the sinking fund revenues. The sole purpose of the creation of that fund was the payment of the public debt, and to that all the moneys should be applied as rapidly as received. Such are the directions of all the acts of assembly relating thereto. That of May 9th, 1874, however, is the most explicit in its terms. It is there provided that:

"It shall be the duty of the commissioners of the sinking fund, on the first business day of each month, to prepare a statement of the total amount of money in said fund, which having been verified by oath or affirmation, shall be published in two newspapers in Harrisburg, for public information. The commissioners of the sinking fund shall also, on the first business day of the month of May, August, November and February, in each and every year hereafter, apply all moneys in the sinking fund to the redemption of an equivalent amount of the public debt."

This seems a very easily understood law. But it has not been obeyed. At no time since its enactment has all money in the sinking fund, on the first business day of May, August, November and February, been applied to the redemption of an equivalent amount of the public debt. On the contrary only a small portion of it has been this applied.

The official papers prove that on May 9th, 1874, the day the act was approved, there was a balance in the sinking fund of $1,230,759.11, and there was but $48,055.84 of the debt redeemed during the balance of the month of May.

On the 31st of July there was a balance in the fund of $526,978.35, and there was but $66,801.48 of the debt redeemed during the month of August.

On the 31st of October, 1874, there was a balance in the fund of $476,579.26, and there was but $96,677.50 of the debt redeemed during the month of November.

On the 31st of January, 1875, there was a balance in the fund of $1,153,155.85, and there was but $6,553.91 of the debt redeemed during the month of February.

On the 30th of April, 1875, there was a balance in the fund of $1,427,407.18, and but $432,350.00 of the public debt redeemed during the month of May.

No excuse can be offered for a similar disregard of the act in the future. The first business day of August, 1875, is the next day on which, according to the provisions of the act, all moneys in the sinking fund should be applied to the redemption of an equivalent amount of the public debt, and the commissioners must publish in two newspapers in Harrisburg a statement of the amount in the fund at the beginning of the month, and another at the end of the month, exhibiting the amount of the debt redeemed. It is certainly important that the act be complied with. There is no better guard against the corrupt use of public moneys than an empty treasury. In this instance it is the command of the law that the sinking fund balance be exhausted four times a year. It is for the public good that the law be complied with, and the people's money used to pay their debts, that the grinding weight of interest be lifted and the temptations of a plethoric purse removed.

The committee would further mention that the act directing these payments also declares it to be a misdemeanor in office for any of the commissioners of the sinking fund to neglect or refuse to perform any of the duties enjoined upon them by this act, and for such neglect or refusal they may be impeached and removed from office. But while the law hitherto has seemed to be a dead letter, and its penalties defied, better things are hoped for in the future.

The committee feel that they have but just entered upon the work before them. A full investigation may not be accomplished until impediments interposed by the state treasurer are removed. The best efforts of the committee, however, will be given until every transaction has been exposed to the test of a searching examination.

O. H. REIGHARD, Chairman.
A. SMITH,
MILTON A. EMBICK,
M. R. WISE.

July 16th, 1875.

A SERMON ON CORRUPTION.

President Noah Porter in Plymouth Pulpit.

Taking for his text the passage from Peter ii, 1 and 4, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by those you might be partakers of divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust," Dr. Porter spoke in substance as follows:

The Sermon.

That there is corruption in the world—it well may be, inasmuch as the fact is universally acknowledged. Atheists and Theists, Infidels and Christians, Rationalists and Supernaturalists unite in affirming that man is not what he should be—that is, man is in some sense degenerate and corrupt. Some say that this corruption is the natural daughter of ignorance, and that it will flee before instruction like darkness before the light. Others ascribe it to the guilty perversion that loves darkness better than light, lest its deeds should be reproved. That corruption exists, and puts forth a fearful energy, all men confess and bear witness. Every man sees its very working in others; but what looks very foul when seen in another looks fair when experienced in ourselves. Sooner or later each man finds out for himself that his offenses tend to and own themselves corrupt by some sudden outbreak or surprise. Many an indulgence that looked fair in the participation appears foul and shameful in the review. Many a jolly evening has prepared for a gloomy morning. All the horrid forms of excess and misdirection which meet us without and within proceed from unrestrained desire. The desire itself is innocent—nay, more, it is positively useful. The uses for which the desires are provided are good. The impulses that are provoked into passions are all salutary. It is only when those impulses are perverted by excess and misdirection that they lead to corruption. The impulses implanted in the body become controling and degrading appetites with which all are familiar. Necessary self-respect becomes Satanic pride; self assertion and self defense are perverted into self-hatred, malignant envy, suspicion and jealousy.

The predominance of any one of these marks a man as distinguished by some besetting sin that is at once his idol and his ruin. The subjection of the soul to any one of these lusts is corruption, because it will work its ruin. God himself cannot make a being blessed who carries in himself the poison of uncontrollable desire. To escape from this corruption is the greatest of all blessings. Were all human desires brought into harmony with God man would become like God in character, and human society would move with the beauty and order that attend the motion of the planets. Can man become God-like? To believe that he may has been the dream of reformers in all ages, and the the dream is not yet abandoned. Where and what is the golden key, and how can one lay hold of it? One man replies, "Adjust the strife between labor and capital, and man and society will become divine." Another says, "Make education universal," another, "abolish Government;" another still, "abolish religion." The stoic says, abolish desire, and lust will be impossible, and man being king over himself rises to God. The epicurean yields to every desire, and lust becomes a name, or yield in moderation, and lust ceases to corrupt. The pagans of our times say, disown the Christ in whom you have been baptised and to whom eighteen centuries have trusted as the power and wisdom of God, and fall back on what is pure and good in every religion, that is, obey the laws of purity and love which are written in the heart and which Christianity only symbolizes. It is by its promises that the gospel exerts its transferring influences and breaks up the dominion of lust. The example of Christ has shown us what a human being can be. But the humble Jesus is hated by the proud Pharisees and self-satisfied Sadducees, both of the old and new times. There is no escape from corruption, save through love. The way for men to become better is to open their hearts to the great promises from above.

A WONDERFUL SWIM.

Ten And A Half Miles In Three Hours And Ten Minutes.

Chester, Pa., July 22.—Early this morning preparations were made for the great swimming match for the championship of the world. Excursion trains, bringing thousands of visiters, arrived hourly. The city is full of strangers.

At 1h. 15m. p. m. Johnson and Coyle stripped, ready to take the plunge at the signal of a gunshot. Both men were in excellent condition and confident.

Johnson made his appearance, and was greeted with enthusiasm. His broad, muscular body was greatly admired, and was in marked contrast with the lithe figure of Coyle. The betting is two to one on Johnson.

At 1h. 45m. the contestants plunged into the water.

At Simpson's Wharf one mile and a quarter, Coyle led by 200 yards, and the same position was maintained to Tinicum Island, when Coyle passed eastward and Johnson westward. At the Lazaretta, three and a quarter miles, Coyle still maintained the lead. At the end of Tinicum Island Coyle was leading half a mile. At Fort Mifflin Bar Coyle had gained another quarter of a mile. Coyle, who had from the start taken to the channel, had a decided advantage, and was gaining momentarily. At Fort Mifflin Light, eight miles from the starting-point, Coyle was still in the van. Coyle was swimming with his body well out of the water, while Johnson was swimming his English side-stroke, head under. After passing Red Bank light-house Johnson made a spurt and gained a quarter of a mile. Opposite the Red Bank wharf it became evident that Coyle had overestimated himself. He breathed hard, called for help and was taken out of the water apparently lifeless. The physicians immediately attended and found him to be very low. Meantime Johnson, who was one mile in the rear, and struggling manfully, made a spurt and in less than ten minutes he had passed the spot where Coyle gave out, and was declared the winner. He gave an exhibition of his powers in the water and swam one mile further. The judges then requested him to get into their boat. The entire distance swam by Johnson was ten and a half miles. Time—3h. 10m.

Johnson, after being taken from the water, was as fresh as when he entered. He began dancing a jig to the great delight of his many friends. When he arrived at Glouster 10,000 people were in waiting and gave him a grand reception. This evening he received a benefit at Fox's Theatre.

Coyle is very low, his pulse beating twenty eight. The doctors have grave fears of his life.

Coyle Explains His Defeat.

Philadelphia, July 23.—Coyle, the American swimmer in the race with Johnson remained unconscious until one o'clock this morning. He then slept, and woke all right. He says he was drugged by the brandy which he took a few moments before he became exhausted. He was feeling splendidly and felt positive he could reach Glouster. He says if he could have gone twenty minutes longer he would have won the race, as Johnson was a mile and a half behind him, and as he would soon have encountered a strong ebb-tide he would have been compelled to give up. Coyle states he is willing and anxious to swim the Englishman at any time, either for five, eight or ten miles.

Johnson admits Coyle to be the better swimmer and capable of beating him.

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This well known hotel, situate in the business portion of the town, has been thoroughly renovated, repainted and furnished new. It will be the aim of the proprietors to make it a pleasant Home for those whomay favor them with their patronage. A free carriage is run to the depot, and the best stables in town areconnected with the House. 29apr.

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Just opened in his new quarters in Bush's Arcade.
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Shoemakers call and see SUSSMAN for cheap stock.
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MAJ. J. SHREFFLER

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY JULY 2, 1875.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

☞Subscribers to the Reporter, residing outside of Centre county, should remit us 10 cents, yearly, for postage which we will pay here; this reduces the postage to one half, as the sum paid by them for one year's postage was 20 cts.

—Up—Jacob Solt's new house, on Church street. Next—Mrs. S. S. Wolf's

—Wheat has advanced 28 cents, in Chicago in the last three weeks.

—On last Sabbath evening religious services were held in the open air, in front of the drug-store in this place, by Revs. Miller and Sloat.

—The masonic order of this place have received their regalia, seal and other necessary outfit for their lodge, all of which are very handsome. The lodge, we believe, is now in regular running order.

—The large grist mill of Shuman Furst, near Salona, was destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning, 21st inst., at 2 p. m. About 7,000 bushels of grain were burned. The fire originated in the upper most story of the mill, and was caused by the heating of the journals.

—George Spangler and Wm. Colyer killed a bear in the mountains across the valley, a short time ago. Bruin weighed 240.

—The stable of C. F. Herlacher in this place was destroyed by fire on last Friday night, between ten and eleven o'clock. All the contents of the stable, about three tons of hay, feed, farming implements, sleigh, harness, gears and other articles were burned. One top-buggy and spring-wagon with top were brought out but the tops were burned up. One of his horses—the best one—was in the stable, and was fearfully burned, about the head, back and sides; the ears of the poor brute were burned off, and the halter strap having burned, the horse in his struggles fortunately got through the door, which had been opened by Mr. Herlacher in attempting a rescue, in which he failed being driven back by the heat. The pig-pen adjoining was also burded but the pigs were saved The stable was unboubtedly set on fire in the inside by some villain, as it was all ablaze when discovered. It was only by the greatest exertions of the citizens that Mr Herlacher's house and the stable on the adjoining lot of Mr. Arney, and in possession of Wm Mingle, were saved. Fortunately there was a calm at the time, otherwise the town would undoubtedly have been devoured by the flames. The loss may foot up about $900, upon which there is $240 insurance in the Penns Valley Comp.

—Clement Edmonds, teacher of the German school at Aaronsburg, purposes giving a German entertainment in a few weeks. Clem is a young, brilliant and self-made scholar—having mastered the German and English languages, and is now tugging away at French.

—Count Turkheim, who is stopping at the Bush house, made a trip through our valley one day last week, and was charmed with its beauty. The Count holds a position in the army of the king of Bavaria, and bears letters of recommendation from king William of Prussia. We held a little chat with the German of noble birth, and found him a gentleman of culture, and very sociable.

—A singing school in one of the Loop school-houses, on last Saturday evening, was disturbed by a lot of boys, who behaved in a manner which may have seemed "fun" to them, but was very unbecoming in the estimation of our informants. Warrants are in the hands of constable Carson for the arrest of some 14 of these lively Young Americas, and the affair may turn out very serious for them, and make them wish they had not been connected with it.

—Wm. Feath, Indiana, Pa., writes to the Reporter: Wheat in this county about half a usual crop, and all cut, and nearly all housed; enough of last year's crop on hand to supply the county the coming year. Grass poor; oats, corn and potatoes premise largely. Fruit, none.

—"There is no use in fooling," said a gentleman to his better half, as they returned from preaching carrying their babe with them, and having just listened to a stinging sermon on covetousness and greed, "it is no use fooling, there are some honest people left who will not bleed you, and who are never bit by such preaching." "Yes," said the wife, "there is one I could mention, and he was in my mind while the preacher was given it to 'em, that does what's right, and that is Sechler who sells the cheap groceries, for his prices show that he never takes an unjust cent on any article, nor does he ever sell a bad article." "Yes," said the husband with a deep sigh, "If we could have had a place to deal at like Sechler's from the time we started housekeeping, just one thousand dollars more could we show up to-day. Sechler does sell cheap, that's so, and if all men were like him, such sermons wouldn't hit any one."

—Work has been commenced on both sides of Paddy Mountain. But so far there are no signs yet that it can be tunneled.

—TONS OF GRAPES AND THEIR USE.—It is astonishing to see the large quantity of grapes of the finest quality, and large clusters, that are each year mashed up for Wine, at the Vineyards of A Speer, Passaic, N. J. Mr. Speer raises the Oporto grape; also purchases large quantities from which he makes his celebrated wine without the admixture of alcohol or spirits. This wine is found by careful analysis to be the best wine in market for invalids and debilitated persons. It is called Speer's Port Grape Wine, and is sold by Druggists.—*Courier.*

The contents of Scribner's Magazine for August are of a varied and intereresting character. The contributors are from among our very best, and we can safely say that with the present number the magazine has taken a great step forward. It is America's leading magazine to-day.

St. Nicholas once again greets us with his smiling, happy face. We oft-times wonder how the youth of the past managed to exist without this excelent periodical Scribner & Co. are gaining a world-wide reputation through their connection with this journal.

A number of new Ryder Organs are offered at wholesale prices, by Wm Ettinger, Aaronsburg. A rare chance to buy a good organ cheap. 15july 4t

A GOOD SEWING MACHINE is a household treasure that no family can afford to do without. If you want the best, the Wilson Shuttle should be your choice. It combines, in the most perfect manner, all the requisites of durability, simplicity, ease of operation and perfection of work, and is sold at a less price than any other first class machine. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the Company's Branch House at 227 and 229 Broadway, New York.

They send an elegant catalogue and chromio circular, free, on application.

This company want a few more good agents.

CENTRE HALL SELECT SCHOOL.—The fall term of this institution, under the management of Prof. Krise, commences, Monday Aug. 2. Terms reasonable. Board can also be had at a very reasonables rate. The Principal, Prof. Krise, is a thorough graduate, and has gained a reputation as a successful instructor. Young men preparing for college, will find it to their advantage to attend, 22jul 3t.

ZION AND SUBURBS.

Business extremely dull.

Rain in moderate quantities.

Trading horses is the order of the day.

Candidates—strange to say—are among the rarest sights.

Paris Green is getting scarce, and the "critters" that are devastating numerous potato-patches can account for it.

The oats crop is good, and corn is promising.

Harvesting is over, and spreeing done.

Mr. George Housel, one of Nittanyvalley's boast workmen, claims to have cradled 75 dozen sheaves of wheat in the short space of four hours, this last harvest. He assures us that he did it with a small amount of fatigue and with very little perspiring. Has Pennsvalley any oak to compete with that?

Dr. Fisher has 2 organs, 5 violins, 2 banjoes, a silver horn, several grinding organs, and a number of other smaller instruments in his house at present. This is evidence of his being well supplied with musical instruments. Persons desiring to have their musical tastes gratified will greatly enjoy a visit to the Doctors.

A party of foreigners are now contemplating the erection of a new store building at the northern end of town. They were here a few days ago selecting a place for its situation, and from what we can learn will commence the work of building soon. Truly this is an indication of an approximate business revival.

CON DENCER.

THE CROPS THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

New York, July 24.—The crop reposts from various states, published today are substantially as follows:

Alabama—Small grains harvested well crop prospects better than in 1874.

Arkansas—Thirty per cent. increase in the acreage of corn this year. Crops promises well.

In California the drought in places has injured the grain. It is estimated that there will be a surplus in the wheat crop of 300,000 bushels.

In Connecticut, Colorada and Dacota the crops promise well.

Michigan—Wheat and oats will be full crops; hay the average crop; corn immense. Potatoes also promse a fine crop.

Mississippi—The corn crop is best since the war. Oats are also large.

Minnesota and Missouri—Harvest is progressing. Crops, save what damage was done by recent rains, are a full average.

Maryland—the wheat crop is excellent.

Kansas—Wheat is all cut and is about a half average crop. Oats, two-thirds. Rye full crop. Corn prospects are fine.

Kentucky—Fruit promises poorly. The wheat crop is light, but the grain crop generally will be up to the general average.

Massachusets has from one-half to two-thirds crop. Grain is promising.

Maine—Potatoes and grain are backward. Fruit will be the average crop.

New York grain on the whole is very promising. The crops in Central New York looks finely.

Nevada promises good average crops.

Nebraska advises to-day says the deficiency in crops will reach five per cent.

Ohio—Grain crops will on the whole, will exceed that of last year. Wheat is recovering. Oats are immense.

—London, July 26.—A special dispatch from Berlin to the Standard says, Count Dyembeck, his mother and chamber maid, have been arrested at Londeck, in the district of Brislow, charged with being concerned in the conspiracy to assassinate Prince Frederick William.

DEMOCRATIC DELEGATE ELECTION.

The Democratic voters of Centre County will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for each district, on SATURDAY, the 7th day of August, 1874, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention, The election will open at 2 o'clock p. m. and close at 5 o'clock p. m. of said day.

The Convention will meet in the Court House, at Bellefonte, on TUESDAY, the 10th day of August, at 1½ o'clock p. m. to nominate one candidate for senator; one for Sheriff; one for Treasurer; one for Prothonotary; one for Register; one for Recorder; two for Commissioner, and two for County Auditors and transact such other business as may be regularly brought before it. The number of delegates to which each district is entitled, under the present apportionment, is as follows:

Bellefonte N W	2	Howard "	1
" S W	2	Huston "	1
" W W	1	Liberty "	1
Milesburg Boro	1	Marion "	2
Howard "	1	Miles "	4
Philipsburg "	2	Patton "	1
Unionville "	1	Penn "	5
Benner Township	3	Potter "	7
Boggs "	3	Rush "	3
Burnside "	1	Snow Shoe "	2
Curtin "	1	Spring "	3
Ferguson "	5	Taylor "	1
Gregg "	6	Union "	1
Haines "	4	Walker "	4
Half Moon "	1	Worth "	2
Harris "	3		

The following are the persons chosen by County Committee, to hold the delegate election in the several districts:

Bellefonte N W	H Y Stitzer—Chairman Wes Gephart Bartram Galbraith
" S W	Joseph Fox—Chair. John McDermott Charles Brown jr
" W W	W W Olie Meek—Chair Simon Harper H F Bartley
Milesburg Boro	Jas Weaver—Chair. John B Thomas E H Carr
Howard "	John Gardner—Chair. Geo Speering Dr. Conrad
Philipsburg "	C A Faulkner—Chair. R E Munson Sol Smith
Unionville "	John Bing— Chair. Sam'l Brugger J C Smith
Benner Twp.	A Y Wagner—Chair. Michael Grove Richard Conley
Boggs "	Wm Marks—Chair. Adam Witherite John L Neff
Burnside "	B Veidebefer—Chair. John Gilliland Rudolph Mulhollen
Curtin "	Henry Thiel—Chair. Conrad Singer John M'Closkey
Ferguson "	Wm H Fry—Chair. Bigler Meek Fred Bottorf
Gregg "	J B Heckman—Chair. J B Fisher John Coldron
Haines "	John C Stover—Chair. Thos Yearick Aaron Dutweiler
Half Moon"	J H Griffin—Chair. John Ward Ellis Lyttle
Harris "	John Meyer—Chair. Fergus Potter W A Murray
Howard "	Sm'l B Leathers—Chair Geo Johnson A W Gardner
Huston "	H G Cronister—Chair. J Q Miles John Cambell
Liberty "	John A Stover—Chair, Dan'l Bitner Simon Lingle
Marion "	Geo S Hoy—Chair. John Noll Henry Train
Miles "	Harvey Corman—Chair. D J Hilibish Sam'l Frank
Patton "	P A Sellers—Chair. Mack Sellers W Graham
Penn "	D A Musser—Chair. Wm Musser Jac Eisenhuth
Potter "	Geo Stover—Chair. Wm Wolf Alex Kerr
Rush "	G W McGaffey—Chair. H B Wilcox S P Burkhart
Snow Shoe	J H Holt—Chair. Jas Gates Jas Askey
Spring "	John H Barnhart--Chair John M Furey Edward Woods
Taylor "	Sam'l Hoover--Chair. John Fink Sam'l Womer
Un'on "	G L Peters—Chair. B V Brisben Sam'l Mitchel
Walker "	John Divine—Chair. Jacob Dunkle Benj Winkle
Worth "	Owen M'Clain Wm Lewis Henry Reese

COMMUNICATIONS.

(We are not responsible for the opinions expressed in communications. Communications recommending persons for office must be paid for.)

PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR REPORTER—Of all the candidates that have canvassed Pennsvalley we have met with none with whom we were better pleased than Mr. Rumbarger, the popular candidate from Patton twp., for Prothonotary. He did not abuse or falsify about other candidates as some have done, in fact he spoke in complimentary terms of his rival candidates, and simply claimed the nomination on the grounds that his age and previous devotion to hard work, have unfitted him for manuel labor and having a family to support, he needs the office. He has ever been an unflinching democrat—we have seen some of Mr. Rumbarger's neighbors and they speak of him in the highest terms as to his popularity and eminent qualifications to fill the office; they say his own township would vote almost solid for him if he is nominated. Benner, Harris, Ferguson and Half Moon would also give him a heavy support. We believe him to be a deserving man, and would like to see him nominated. PENNSVALLEY.

A CENTRE CO. TWEED.

MR. EDITOR:—As Mr. Meek has of late been making a fuss about high salaries, and have the people believe that he is an economical saint, I thought a little showing up of the man may not be out of place. Besides being a salary-grabber—having taken three hundred dollars extra pay for a few days extra session, he has bled the county as follows:

For the past ten years Meek has received from the Commissioners of Centre county for printing, etc., for them alone as follows:

For the year 1865	$ 420 00
" " " 1866	354 02
" " " 1867	660 54
" " " 1868	300 00
" " " 1869	950 00
" " " 1870	500 00
" " " 1871	857 40
" " " 1872	1,050 00
" " " 1870	860 00
" " " 1874	1,586 00
Total	7,768 52

Besides the above he has received about $200 a year from Register's office, $200 a year from Sheriff, $286.10 from the Treasurer last year, and near about the same annually, and about $300 annually from the Prothonotary's office.

The amount paid for county printing for the four years preceding Meek's ownership of the Watchman are as follows, taken from the Auditor's Reports:

In 1857.	
To Ludwig Kurtz	$ 2 00
do do do	22 50
do do do	18 50
do M. P. Crosthwaite	10 50
do J. T. Johnston	30 00
do do do	50 00
do Seely & Barnhart	25 00
do do do	80 00
Total	238 50
In 1858.	
To W W Brown	$ 31 75
do M P Crostwaite	75 00
do J T Johnston	36 00
do Ludwig Kurtz	35 00
do Seely & Barnhart	127 50
do Kurtz & Forney	37 00
do Fred. Kurtz	37 00
do Seely & Barnhart	37 00
do Kurtz & Forney	1 50
do Fred Kurtz	1 00
Total	418 75
In 1859.	
To Seely & Barnhart	$ 72 00
do W W Brown	133 60
do Forney & Kurtz	37 00
do Seely & Barnhart	30 50
do Fred Kurtz	32 50
do Sheriff M'Coy for Election Proclamation	144 50
Total	450 10
In 1860.	
To J S & J J Brisbin	192 50
do J G Kurtz	65 00
do Seely & Barnhart	27 00
do Fred Kurtz	27 00
do Kurtz & Stover	27 00
do Fred Kurtz	1 50
do Kurtz & Stover	62 50
do Seely & Barnhart	56 00
Total	458 50

Total for the four years..... 1565 85

Meek received for the year 1874 $1586 00
of which orders were drawn in 1874 for $1462.85, and an order was drawn in Jan. '75 for $124.25 in full of ballance of account for Co. printing in 1874.

Total Co. printing for four years of '57, '58, '59 and '60..... $1565 85

Amount Meek received more in the year '74 than was paid by the county to all the papers in the county for the above four years.... $20 75

Respectfully Yours, &c.

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Mr. Editor:—The Modoc candidate for congress lied and broke his pledge to submit to the decission of the Dem. Conference and ran on the radical ticket after being fairly defeated for the democratic nomination. What gusrantee have we that Cyse is telling the truth now when he attempts to screen his accomplice who lead him by the nose? Lie then, lie now. P.

GRAND JURORS. August Term.

Bellefonte—G O'Brian, R Curtin, D W Woodring.
Ferguson—Daniel Krebs.
Walker—Wm Pennington.
Benner—B F Hunter, Chr Dale U Stover.
Penn—J W Snook, Jacob Saunders.
Miles—R D Bierly.
Harris—P Shreck A Dale.
Liberty—J F Clark.
Worth—S S Miles.
Huston—J A Fugate.
Potter—Josiah Neff.
Boggs—John Poorman, jr.
Curtin—Wm Mann.
Milesburg—Joseph Shirk, John E Thomas.
Taylor—Isaac Moore.
Rush—Geo D Similer.

Traverse Jurors.

Patton—A Sellers, G Pottsgrove, T Hartsock, Wm Stine.
Harris—S Ishler, Jas Jack.
Miles—S K Foust, Aaron Smull, S S Spangler, John Shaffer.
Liberty—C Johnson, D B Kunes.
Walker—Joel Struble, P Walter, J H Talbert.
Halfmoon—John Wilson, J W Gray.
Benner—J B Whitmer, G Hastings.
Boggs—E Zimmerman, J A Whitehill, P H Haupt.
Penn—Aaron Dutweiler.
Haines—T Yearick.
Potter—Fred Kurtz, Wm Spangler, J D Lingle.
Bellefonte—W B Twitmire, A Loeb, Wm Harper, P B Wilson, J Curtin.
Huston—H Hartsock, E C Henderson.
Spring—S Tibbins.
Ferguson—H Snyder, J Kreamer J W Crumreine.
Howard—M P Holter, J R Leathers.
Snowshe—James Gates, D Wolf, J G Uzzie.
Worth—S Gingerich, W H Williams.
Gregg—M H Guise, Wm Neese.
Philipsburg—D Funk.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the names of the following persons, as candidates for office, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention:

Senator.

Adam Hoy, Bellefonte.

Sheriff.

Levi A Munson, Philipsburg.
George Hoffer, Potter.
John Spangler, Potter.
J. Henry Keller, Harris.
Jonath. Kreamer, Millheim,

Register.

Sam'l J Herring, Gregg.
John H. Morrison, Bellefonte.

Treasurer.

J. H. Barnhart, Spring.
D. K. Guise, Potter.
D. A. Musser, Penn.
Wm. Ehrhard, Potter.
Adam Yearick, Marion.

Prothonotary.

G. W. Rumberger, Patton.
R. G. Brett, Ferguson.
John H. Reifsnyder, Penn.
Aaron Williams, Bellefonte.

Recorder.

J H. Philips, Potter.
John S. Proudfoot, Milesburg.
B B. Kramer, Lemont.
Henry Beck, Spring. He speaks both German and English.

Commissioner.

Geo. Swab, Harris.
Joseph Crotzer, Potter.
H. A. Mingle, Haines.
J. Newlin Hall, Howard.

HOW THE HINDOOS REGARD WOMEN.—The famous passage of the Padma Purana, translated by Abbe Dubois, has been part of the domestic code of the Hindoos for thousands of years. According to the Hindoo lawgiver, a woman has no god on earth but her husband, and no religion except to gratify, obey, and serve him. Let her husband be crooked, infirm, offensive; let him be irascible, irregular, a drunkard, a gambler, a debauchee; let him be reckless of his domestic affairs, as if possessed by a devil; though he live in the world without honor; though he be deaf or blind, and wholly weighed down by crime and infirmity—still shall his wife regard him as her god. With all her might shall she serve him, in all things obey him, see no defects in his character, and give him no cause of uneasiness Nay, more; in every stage of her existence woman lives but to obey—at first her parents, next her husband and his parents, and in her old age she must be ruled by her children. Never during her whole life can she be under her own control.

These are the general principles upon which the life of women in India is to be conducted. The Hindoo writer was considerate enough to add a few particulars:

If her husband laughs, she ought to laugh; if he weeps, she ought to weep; if he is disposed to speak, she ought to join in the conversation. Thus is the goodness of her nature displayed. What woman would eat till her husband has first had his fill? If he abstains, she will surely fast also; if he is sad, will she not be sorrowful? and if he is gay, will she not leap for joy? In the absence of her husband her raiment will be mean." Such has been the conception of woman's duty to man by all the half-developed races from time immemorial, and such to this day are the tacit demand and expectation of the brutalized males of the more advanced races.—James Parton, in *Harper's Magazine for August.*

CHEROKEE POLITICS—A BLOODY CANVASS.

Muscogee, I. T., July 17.—The contest for the principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation is getting more exciting every day. The contestants are W. P. Ross and Ouceltella. The election takes place in August. Within the past sixty days sixteen men and two females have been murdered in the Cherokee Nation. This has been done in a population of less than twenty thousand souls, and most of these murders have been committed by reason of quarrels growing out of feuds existing between the Ross and Downing parties. Jesu Foreman, Mr. Buckeyehead, Jack Doubletooth and Dick Fields, all prominent Downing men, have been shot. The last-named was shot in church at Talequah. Fields is the Auditor of the Nation.

A general council of the Seminole Nation is in session at Newawkee. It is thought they will reject the new constitution reported by the Grand Council at Okmulgee.

JUDGE LYNCH IN MISSISSIPPI.

Memphis, July 21.—In May last a young lady, residing at Iuka, Mississippi, was brutally outraged and beaten at the depot while waiting for an escort, at an early hour, by a negro hack-driver named Lewis Thompson. During the struggle she bit him on the cheek, which led to his capture. Last Monday he was arraigned for trial, and yesterday was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. The greatest excitement ensued upon the announcement of the verdict, as the lady was poor and unprotected, but highly esteemed by all citizens. The excitement culminated last night in a party of disguised men going to the jail and taking Thompson down near the depot and hanging him.

PORTUGAL.

A Famine Threatened.

London, July 26.—A special from Lisbon reports a drought in several districts of Minho that has destroyed crops and pastures. A famine is threatened, and riots against grain exporters are imminent. The cattle are dying of hunger, and the local authorities report that will be impossible to collect taxes in many places. An attempt to do so would cause an insurrection. Accounts from Algoroe show a similar state of affairs in that province. The government is sending relief to to afflicted sections.

TURKEY.

A Severe Engagement.

Ragusa, July 25.—The Herzegovina insurgents were attacked by Turkish troops on Friday last near Nevesigna and a severe engagement took place. Many were killed and wounded on both sides. On Saturday the Turks made a sortie from Stoldtz and attacked the insurgents near Dabra. Four companies made an unsuccessful effort to flank the insurgents. The fight lasted all day. The result is not known. The Turks have fired Gorlitza.

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

Beaver, U. T., July 20.—The substance of John D. Lee's confession is that thirty Mormons, with the assistance of a large number of Indians, decoyed the emigrants from their intrenchments by a flag of truce, and that all were murdered except seventeen children; that the deed was done under orders of a leader of the Mormon Church; that he took the news of the massacre to Brigham Young, who deplored the transaction and said it would bring disater on the Mormon people. The statement of Lee, so far as known, only confirms previous reports in regard to the massacre.

A WANDERING BALLOON—IS IT DONALDSON'S.

Toronto, July 21.—Intelligence received from Aurora, Ontario, is that on Monday evening a large balloon was seen passing within a mile of that village, going in a northwesterly direction. The basket was apparently empty and the balloon was lying over on one side.

HOW TO CURE THE PASSION FOR LIQUOR.

From the Scientific American.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have assisted in recovering themselves. It is as follows: "Sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm; twice a day. This preparation acts as a stimulant and tonic, and partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that absolute physical and moral prostration that follows a sudden breaking from the use of stimulating drinks.

One thousand men are thrown out of employment by the stoppage of the lumber mills at Williamsport and Lock Haven for want of stock. The supply of logs cannot be renewed until there is a freshet in the river.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—There are large numbers of Deeds or title papers on file in the Recorder's office, at Bellefonte, the accumulation of many years, which it may be much to the advantage of parties interested, to re-possess without delay. Indeed many of these papers are imperfect, and the records incomplete, and so noted by the Recorder.

All Deeds or mortgages on file, upon which the State Tax and Recorder's fees remain unpaid, ought to be, and must be promptly attended to by the parties, to avoid the costs which will necessarily accrue on further neglect.

RECORDER'S OFFICE, Bellefonte, July 19, '75. } I. J. GRENOBLE, Recorder.

PENN HALL ACADEMY.

The next term will begin on Monday, Aug. 2, 1875. Tuition and boarding at reasonable rates. For particulars apply to REV. D. M. WOLF, A. M., J. M EVANS, A. B., Penn Hall, Centre Co., Pa. July 15 3t.

NOTICE:—Notice is hereby given that the following named person has filed her petition and will make application for license at Aug. Sess. 1876.

Elizabeth Kunes.....Liberty.....Tavern
D H Ruhl....Snow Shoe twp.....Restaurant
John Haywood....Philipsburg...Restaurant
Catharine Smith...Snow Shoe...Restaurant
Peter Weber.....Philipsburg...Restaurant

A. WILLIAMS, Proth'y.

A singular story is published, showing how an aged and highly respectable New York merchant was arrested on the complaint of several villians, who failed to rob and blackmail him, and was imprisoned, though innocent, in the tombs with the vilest criminals, subject to the mockery of a trial and fined without being permitted a word in defense, and not being allowed to communicate with his relatives, who are well known business men here.

Godey's Lady's Book, for August opens with a beautiful steel engraving, "Father is on the Sea," representing two little girls, with anxious, frightened gaze, watching the approach of a heavy storm upon the ocean. Fashion-plates, of fine finish, are found throughout the book, but the chiefest attraction is the stories, sketches, &c.

—An official statement made by M. Collaur, minister of public works, to the assembly, estimates the total damage done to property by the inundations in the south of France at 15,000,000 dollars.

REGISTER'S NOTICES.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of Record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphans Court on Wednesday the 25th day of August, A. D. 1875, for allowance and confirmation.

The account of Adam Vonada, guardian of Henry A. Vonada, minor son of David Vonada, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The final account of William Weaver and Daniel Weaver, executors of the Estate of Samuel Weaver, late of Gregg twp, dec'd.

The account of William Durst, administrator of the Estate of William H. Mays, late of Harris twp, dec'd.

The first and partial account of Jacob Bower, Jr., administrator of Samuel Brown, late of Haines twp, dec'd.

The administration account of David Lawyer, administrator of Mary Lawyer, late of Marian twp, dec'd.

The second and final account of James Glenn and Sarah A. Garner, administrators of Daniel Garner, late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of John Houtz, guardian of John, Mary and George Jefferson and Benjamin F. Houtz, minor children of Lucinda Houtz deceased.

The account of Wm. Smith administrator of all and singular the goods and chattles rights and credits which were of Jacob P. Smith, late of Penn twp dec'd.

The first and final account of John Wolf administrator of Ezra Brittain late of Potter twp dec'd.

The account of James Heverly Guardian of Sarah S Walker, minor child of Machael A Walker late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Perry W McDowell executor of the last will and testament of Nathan Beck late of Marion twp dec'd.

The account of Jesse Uuderwood, administrator of Jos. Underwood of Centre county, dec'd.

The supplemental and final account of Mrs. Jane H. Strohecker one of the administrators of Dr. Samuel Strohecker late of Miles twp dec'd.

The account of Calvin P W Fisher guardian of Mary Rebecca Groh, minor child of Eliza Groh late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Mary A Ross and Robert Cummings, Executors of the Estate of John P Ross late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel Gilliland administrator of Estate of J Duncan Rankin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The final account of John B. Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of Mary C Stine late Mary C Beirly, administrator of Tartullus Beirly late of Bog s twp dec'd.

The account of Daniel Bartges, John Rishel executor in the last will and testament of John Bartges late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of T M Hall executor in the late will and testament of Charles Lucas late of Boggs twp dec'd.

The account of Henry Meyer administrator of Jacob Meyer late of Miles twp dec'd.

The trustee account of Alexander Kerr trustee to sell the Real Estate of Catherine Rankin late of Potter twp dec'd.

The executorship account of James Dunlap and Thomas F Patton executors in the last will and testament of John Archey late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The account of Samuel J Herring and John Grove administrators of the Estate of A J Young late of Gregg twp dec'd.

The account of John W Krumrine and Mrs. M J Kepler administrators of Jacob Kepler late of Ferguson twp dec'd.

The final account of John B Leathers executor of Daniel Leathers late of Howard twp dec'd.

The account of J C Shineberger and David Stover administrators of the Estate of George Shineberger late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of Joseph Baker administrator of Elizabeth Corbin late of Harris twp dec'd.

The account of J P Gephart trustee to sell the Real Estate of Jacob S Awl late of Harris dec'd.

The account of Louis Wetzler and Jacob Pletcher executors in the last will and testament of Jacob Wetzler late of Howard twp dec'd.

Register's Office, Bellefonte Jul. 24 '75. } J. H. MORRISON, Register.

(Advertisement.)

Republican.—Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that Capt. H. C. Beamer, of Potter, will be a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the usages of the republican party.

NEW GOODS!

—AT THE—

Centre Mills Store,

J. F. THRONE

has just opened a fine Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE which he is selling at

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Consisting in

DRY GOODS,
ALPACCAS,
MOHAIRS,
PIQUES,
LAWNS,
MUSLINS,
PRINTS,
FLOUNTS,
SHIRTING,
TWEEDS,
JEANS,
COTTONADES,
FINE CASIMERS,
EMBORDERIES,
GLOVES,
SHAWLS,
HOSIERY,
SKIRTS,
RIBBONS,

and fancy articles belonging to the Grocery department Sugars, Coffees, Syrup, N. Orleans Mollasses, Domestic and Foreign Fruits, Fish, Salt, everything usually found in this department.

QUEENSWARE, whole sets or dishes or by the piece.

DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES.

WOOD and WILLOWWARE.

HARDWARE,

FORKS, RAKES, SHOVELS, HOES, NAILS, &c., GENTS' CALF BOOTS, LADIES' BUTTON GAITORS & MOROCCO, CHILDRENS' SHOES of all kinds.

TOBACCO & CIGARS, all at greatly reduced prices. Call and see for yourselves. No charge for showing goods.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID for all kinds of Grain, and country Produce taken in exchange for goods.

june4-4m.

W. A. CURRY,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

CENTRE HALL, PA.

Would most respectfully inform the citizens of this vicinity, that he has started a new Boot and Shoe Shop, and would be thankful for a share of the public patronage. Boots and Shoes made to order and according to style, and warrants his work to equal any made elsewhere. All kinds of repairing done, and charges reasonable. Give him a call. feb 18 1y

JAS. M'MANUS, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, promptly attends to all business entrusted to him. jul2,'63tf

The decline in exports from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the United States, as shown by an official statement from Washington just made public, is worthy of note. The exports during six months of the present year, compared with those for the same period in 1874, show a very decided decrease in most of the leading articles of export from Great Britain to this country. In apparel, etc., the falling off is more than one-half; in hardware and cutlery it is large; in pig iron it is small, but in bar, angle, bolt and rod iron it is more than one half, while in railroad iron the decrease is more than three-fourths; in cast, wrought and all other sorts of iron it is nearly two-thirds; in paper, etc., about one-half; broad stuffs of silk or satin, nearly one-half; ribbons, ditto; unwrought tin, nearly three-fourths; worsted stuffs, large and in carpets, the falling off is nearly one-half. These facts, which do not cover all the articles in the official statement, may be said to prove that our people have not been disposed or able to purchase foreign goods as largely this year as last, but they argue a more healthy state of trade for us than those of the previous year. Whether our manufacturers have made less goods or not, our merchants have evidently bought less abroad, and less of our money has gone abroad to pay for imports.

St. Louis, uly J21.—Twenty-three more indictments of persons connected with alleged whisky frauds were presented in the United States District Court to day, but the names of the parties are not divulged.

DEATHS.

On the 14th near Hublersburg Pa., of heart disease, Elizabeth Bartholomew, widow of Wendell Bartholomew, dec'd. Aged 73 yrs. 8 months and 26 days.

MARKETS.

Produce.

New York, July 26.—Flour, superfine $5 25@5 60; Flour, common to good, $5 75@6 10. Wheat—No 1 spring $1 43@1 45; Wheat red, $1 40@1 44. Rye 95@1 19. Corn, western mixed 83@84. Oats, western mixed 60@62. Coffee 17¾@19¾. Eggs 18@19. Sugar—fair to good refining 8@8¾. Petroleum, refined 11@11¾.

CHICAGO.

Chicago, July 26.—Flour, good to choice $5 25@5 75. Wheat, seller August $1 15¾. Corn, seller August 71c. Oats, seller Sept. 37¾c. Rye, seller August 78c. Barley, seller Sept. $1 01.

PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, July 26.—Flour—Wis. & Minn. extra family $5 62@6 75, high grades $7 00@7 50. Wheat, white $1 50@1 55, amber $1 41; red $1 36. Corn, western mixed 85@86; yellow 86c. Oats, western mixed 68c. Petroleum, refined 10½c.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.

White Wheat $1 15 Red 110....Rye 90 .....Corn 65 .....Oats 60.....Barley 90. 70....Cloverseed 8.00 ....Potatoes 60 Lard per pound 8.....Pork per pound 06 Butter 20.....Eggs 14. ....Plaster perton $14 Tallow 6.....Bacon 10 .....Ham 15 Lard per pound 8 cents.....Buck wheat 65 cts.....Flour per barrel retail 7,00... Nova Scotia plaster $14 to 15. Cayuga plaster $9.50 per 2000 lbs.

Meyer's Poultry Powder. Warranted, if used in time, to cure chicken cholera and gapes. With a supply of this Powder, and a teaspoonful of ordinary attention to cleanliness and proper feeding, with a needful supply of Gust, grit and eggshell-forming material, any farmer can keep Poultry (even in confinement) for any length of time, with both profit and pleasure. Package 25 cts., five for $1.00. Ask your dealer. Sent free upon receipt of price. Address, A. C. MEYER & CO., Baltimore.

CUMMINGS HOUSE

Bellefonte, PA.

ISAAC MILLER, Proprietor.

The Cummings House, on Bishop street, is one of the pleasantest located hotels in the town It has the best stables in the place, has an excellent livery attached and every attention will be paid guests. No pains will be spared to make it a pleasant and agreeable stopping place for the public. Boarding by the day or week, and rates charged will always be found very low. june 17.

Spring Goods,

At Potter's Mills.

I. B. M'ENTIRE.

Dealer in

Domestic Dry Goods.

Ladie's Dress Goods

of every description, embracing all the New Styles in the market. Also,

NOTIONS,
LACES, HOSIERY, GLOVES, CLOTHING, CASIMERES, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, BOOTS, SHOES, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS

of every description all of which will be sold at very low rates for CASH or its equivalent. Don't forget the place, come and see us anyhow, if you don't buy. No trouble to show goods.

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods. 6may 6m.

Headquarters for Boots and Shoes!

POWERS'

BOOT AND SHOE STORE,

Opposite Bush House,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Powers' Boot & Shoe Store is the largest and best stocked establishment in Centre County.

He keeps constantly on hand a full line of

BOOTS AND SHOES.

He is just opening the largest stock of Spring Goods

GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Seasonable Hints.

Everything should be fully prepared for cutting grain, before harvest is begun. Wheat and rye that is left until dead ripe, may be thrashed as it is cut. It is best to cut before this period is reached. When the grain is firm but Fill soft, so that it can be pinched in two with the thumb-nail, it is in good order for cutting, and will not shell out. Oats do not ripen evenly, and may be cut when the largest portion of the crop is ripe. Cut as much as possible when the dew is on, to prevent shelling. Cut barley as nearly ripe as may be. The conditions being right, it is safest to cut, bind, and shock grain the same day. If a sudden shower comes up, it is soon secured. As binding and shocking must be done, no time is lost in doing it at once.

Corn and roots must not be neglected. Keep the ground mellow and free from weeds. Nothing helps so much as this to overcome the effects of dry weather. Cultivate no root crops or beans while the soil and plants are wet.

Give the Colorado potato beetle no rest. Attend to this matter before breakfast every morning, and if paris green must be used, sprinkle it while the dew is on the leaves.

As soon as a green thing appears on a summer fallow, it needs attention. Go over it with the harrow or the cultivator. The surface should never be allowed to crust or bake over after a rain, for then the benefits of the air and moisture are lost. Growing weeds on a fallow to plow under, in the hope of gaining the green manure, may defeat one great object of the fallow. Some weeds ripen their seed before their blossoming is suspected, and a fresh crop of weeds is thus sown without knowing it. Where a crop of clover has been plowed in, do not disturb it by replowing. Work the soil with the cultivator or a Share's harrow, or horse-hoe, and mix any fine manure with the surface soil. An oat or barley stubble intended for wheat, should be plowed as soon as the crop is off, three or four inches deep, and this surface repeatedly rolled, harrowed, or cultivated, will prevent the under soil from becoming hard, and will act as a mulch. Then plow immediately before drilling the seed, and it will be easier and better than leaving the stubble to bake and harden.

Buckwheat may be sown now, and if the soil is good, a seeding of grass and clover will often make a good catch. Rough pieces of ground may thus be reseeded economically. One bushel of seed to the acre is ample. The gray buckwheat is the best for flour. The variety known as Indian wheat is only suitable for stock feed, and scarcely fit for that, where better varieties may be grown.

Corn may still be planted for fodder. Ruta bagas and yellow Aberdeen turnips should be sown immediately. White turnips may be left until later. Millet or Hungarian grass may be sown now for a crop of hay. Sorghum thickly sown in drills two feet apart makes valuable fodder to use green, but is hard to cure. Two hundred pounds of guano or blood manure per acre will enable late fodder crops to push rapidly.—*Agriculturist.*

Medical Hints.

KNOCK KNEES.—A correspondent's advice and testimony are as follows: I commenced the practice of placing a small book between my knees, and tying a handkerchief tight around my ankles. This I did two or three times a day, increasing the substance at every fresh trial, until I could hold a brick with ease breadthway. When I first commenced this practice I was as badly knock-kneed as possible; but now I am as straight as anyone. I likewise made it the practice of lying on my back in bed, with my legs crossed and my knees fixed tightly together. This, I believe, did me a great deal of good.

NETTLE RASH.—This complaint generally arises from the use of certain articles of food, such as shell-fish, fruit, etc. In some persons, these produce, after a few hours, feelings of tingling of the skin; and then itching, and then burning. Soon after the itching has commenced, wheals appear on the skin; these are of a white color, and the skin around them is very red; the face is swelled, the eyes closed, and often with all this there is a feeling of nausea, and weight at the pit of the stomach. The best treatment is to dislodge the offending matter by an emetic of ipecacuanha (eighteen grains, or one scruple of the powder for an adult), and afterward a brisk aperient should be taken. The warm bath often gives much relief.

DISINFECTING LIQUID.—The following is a substitue for chloride of lime, which has the effect of being soon exhausted: Take two tablespoonfuls of kitchen salt (chloride of sodium), two tablespoonfuls of red lead (deutoxide of lead), a large wineglassful of common sulphuric acid and water. Introduce the solid substances into a bottle with some water, then add the sulphuric acid gradually, gently shaking the bottle at intervals. A portion of the sulphuric acid combines with the red lead, forming a sulphate, which is precipitated, another portion attacks the sodium of the salt, and sets the chlorine at liberty, which is at once dissolved in the water. In order to use the latter, pour it into a saucer offering a sufficiently large surface for the evaporation; the chlorine will then be gradually evolved, and disinfect the apartment.

Farm Notes and Hints.

Granges are being instituted in New Brunswick, and the *Colonial Farmer* says that within a short time every county will have its organizations scattered here and there throughout them.

Eighty-two counties in Virginia have granges in them.

The treatment for chronic rheumatism in horses consists in not exposing the animal to draughts of cold air after driving or working him hard and when he is perspiring. When the soles of the feet do not drop down, as they sometimes do, his life will not be materially shortened, and he will be almost as useful on a farm as if the accident had not happened to him.

Some agricultural societies are offering premiums for the best walking horses. This is good for a beginning, but the time must come when the premium is a feature of each fair. Walking—not running or trotting—is the farm gait, and a horse that will walk four miles an hour will do twice the work of one that crawls two, without costing any more for his keeping.

A correspondent of the *Indiana Farmer* is satisfied that the producing cause of chinch bugs was the introduction of Hungarian grass.

Select a light, dryish soil for the peach; a strong, loamy soil for the pear; nearly the same for the plum; heavy loam for the apple—if on limestone, all the better; and for the cherry a soil similar to that of the peach.

Fruit from Barren Trees.

I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake by it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to the stake. The next year that limb blossomed full and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tim Bunker said, "it sot me a thinking," and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it prevented the sap returning to the roots, consequently it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear, but never blossomed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs, and tied it as tight as I could. The next spring all the top above the cord blossomed as white as a sheet, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. A neighbor, seeing my trees loaded with pears, used this method with the same result. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, almost with the same result. I think it a much better way than cutting off the roots. In early summer, say June or July, wind a strong twine several times around the tree, or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be pleased with the result; the next winter or spring the cord may be taken off.

The Cabbage Worm.

We tried, last year, a number of remedies for the cabbage worm, an insect too well known to many persons as a voracious eater of the pulp of the leaf. The sprinkling of red pepper did well; but the best, simplest, cheapest and most efficient was applying hot water. It may be wrongly applied, to the injury and destruction of the plant; and it may be properly applied, doing no injury, and killing the insects. Fill a watering pot with boiling water, and sprinkle the infested leaves only for a second or two. It does its work quickly on the worms; but the leaves being thick are not heated nor injured. The older the heads become, the less the danger. The operator must practice and spoil a few plants to save the rest. The water, by the time it reaches the plants, will be several degrees below boiling; he must determine by trying how long the hot water will do its work ere becoming too cold. At the same time he must ascertain by experiment how long he can contrive to apply the hot water before the leaves are injured by it; a very little time will determine these points.—*Country Gentleman.*

Death on the Beach.

During the holiday season a sad disaster took place at Rockaway, L. I. Visitors to the beach were numbered by thousands, and many were enjoying a bath in the ocean. Suddenly a woman's shriek rent the air, and a lady was heard to exclaim: "For God's sake, John, save Lena!" This agonizing scream spread consternation among the bathers, who, almost paralyzed with fear, all began to make for the shore, not knowing what else to do. As if by instinct, the bathers cast their eyes seaward and beheld there a female form struggling hard with the waves. It was Lena Reitz. One hand was raised out of the water over her head, and her piercing appeal, "Save me! Save me!" was heard above the noise of the breakers that thundered along the beach. Several brave men faced toward the spot where the girl was yet struggling against the cruel waves for her young life. John Gossmer, ahead of the others, made toward her with strong strokes, and for a moment it seemed that she might yet be rescued. When the swimmer had got within three or four yards of the girl she sank beneath the surface and was lost to sight. Gossmer swum for a few moments about the place where she had disappeared and then turned toward the shore. Other men, who were also going to the rescue, seeing that all hope was abandoned, returned. Gossmer, who must have been exhausted from his efforts, now cried for a rope. This was the first sign given to his being in any difficulty. No rope could be had at the moment, and William Goodhill gallantly went to the assistance of the exhausted swimmer. Hundreds of aching and tearful eyes watched both men with intense anxiety. As soon as they touched each other it seemed as if a desperate struggle for life commenced between them. One moment they were on the water, another under it; at one instant both heads were seen above the breakers, and at another arms and legs were discerned in violent motion, until some huge billow would for a few seconds bury them under its briny crest. It was now perceived that the two brave men who had tried so hard to save human life were themselves about to meet a watery grave. William Lloyd crossed the "life lines" and swam toward the drowning man. He had not got well started on his mission of mercy ere both Gossmer and Goodhill went down together. The sight of their sad fate must have made a strong impression on Lloyd's mind, for he immediately (through fear, it is conjectured) cried out for a rope, and sank himself. With the help of a rope in the hands of an expert swimmer, Lloyd was reached, clutched by the hair of the head and dragged ashore in an unconscious condition; but his life was saved.

The Ice-Fields of the Atlantic.

The sinking of the steamer Vicksburg in the ice, one hundred and twenty miles from the coast of Newfoundland, and the attendant loss of life, brings vividly before our minds a peril of the sea which is often lost sight of or very much underestimated. The narrow escape of the steamer State of Nevada from shipwreck, through collision with an iceberg in mid-ocean, deepens our present sense of this peril. Very few persons, unless their attention has been specially directed to the subject, have an adequate idea of the immense quantities of ice which at certain seasons encumber the north Atlantic. From the frozen seas of the Arctic regions; from Baffin's bay and from Hudson bay; from the glaciers of Greenland and the wild coasts of Labrador, come bergs and fields of ice, floating out into the broad ocean, where, driven together by furious winds, they form bodies of vast extent, covering the sea for hundreds of miles. These bodies are continually breaking up and reforming with the varying winds and currents, but they sometimes preserve identity and are recognized by means of icebergs of exceptional size or peculiar form which accompany them, and their progress can thus be observed from time to time as they drift southward in the spring. As we have said, they are of great size. An exploring vessel was once carried a thousand miles out of her course by an ice-field covering three hundred thousand square miles. Even on the coast of Labrador the fields are hundreds of miles in extent, but the floes are so broken up by wind and wave that the frozen pavement of the ocean heaves and rolls with the ground swell underneath, the icebergs towering motionless above the surface of the mass.

Wanted, a Minister.

A newspaper in Milwaukee, Wis., published the following among its advertisements the other day:

WANTED—A rector for St. James' Parish, Wilwaukee, Wis. He must possess all the christian graces and a few worldly ones; must have such tact and disposition as will enable him to side with all parties in the parish on all points, giving offense to none; should possess a will of his own, but agree with all the vestry; must be socially inclined and of dignified manners; affable to all, neither running after the wealthy nor turning his back upon the poor; a man of high-low church tendencies preferred; must be willing to preach first-class sermons and do first-class work at second-class compensations: salary should not be too much of an object as the desire to be a zealous laborer in the vineyard; should be able to convince all that they are miserable sinners without giving offense; each sermon must be short and complete in itself—full of old-fashioned theology in modern dress—deep, but popular, and free from the eloquence peculiar to newly graduated theologians; should be young enough to be enthusiastic, but possess the judgment of one of ripe years and experience. He only who possesses the above qualifications need apply. To such a one will be given steady employment for a term of years. For further information apply to any member of the congregation.

A Good Time to Do It.

There could not be a better time than the present for young folks to fix in their minds the important dates and details of our country's history. Schools might well throw aside for a while the regular histories of the United States, and arrange a popular series of lessons based on the centennials that will occur all along during the coming eight or ten years. The natural interest awakened in the young mind to obtain a clear and connected idea of an event whose hundredth anniversary is about being celebrated should be improved by teachers. It would be worth more than all the didactic precept ever uttered to pupils about the importance of studying history. The occurrence of these centennials gives a reality to past events which the mere record of them does not, and thus the facts are impressed upon the young.

BURIED ALIVE.—A painful story is afloat to the effect that the opening of the vault used for the reception of bodies during the winter, in a cemetery in Quebec, has disclosed a case of premature interment. The unfortunate gentleman was well known, and was supposed to have died suddenly.

The cigar shop of the Connecticut State prison has turned out half a million cigars since last October. They sell them at $15 to $16 per thousand.

THE LOCUST IN HISTORY.

An Interesting Account of the Grasshopper and its First Appearance in America.

Chas. R. Dodge, assistant entomologist in the United States department of agriculture, gives the New York *Herald* the following interesting account of the locust. He says: If we go back to history for the first accounts of locust plagues we must go back to Bible times, and, indeed, it was probably an old story then, for the accounts of the terrible ravages of these devouring armies in the pages of Holy Writ are as true pictures of the scenes of the last few weeks in our own country as they doubtless were of the terrible scourge in Egypt. Their devastations are recorded in the history of many nations, from Bible times down to the present, and the numberless accounts of their direful presence in many parts of Asia, Africa and Southern Europe are only too well authenticated—in fact, the history of their ravages in the old world is full and complete. We have been speaking of these insects merely as "locusts," without going into detail. The locust of the old world, however, differs very much from those we are considering, though the general natural history is the same. The locust of Scripture is probably the *Acridium peregrinum*, as this insect is not in Asia and Africa, though in Europe the devastating or migratory species is *Œdipoda migratoria*.

The earliest record of locust injuries in America is given by Mr. Riley as about the year 1632, when they visited Guatemala. The Jesuit missionaries of California have also left records of visitations in that State for numbers of years between 1722 and 1765; and in the present century they are reported in the same State in 1827, 1828, 1834, 1838, 1846 and 1855, though in all probability the insect in this instance is a different species from the one operating east of the Rocky mountains. The history of the Red river settlements, according to Mr. J. W. Taylor, presents a similar proportion of years of suffering and exemption, the locusts having appeared in 1818 and 1819, then a long interval to 1857 and 1858, then to 1864 and 1865, 1867 to 1870, and 1871 to 1875—the last seven years' having been peculiarly unfortunate. In Minnesota, since its settlement, the years 1856-57, 1864, 1873 and 1874-75, are marked grasshopper years. It is probable that all these early swarms were more or less destructive in Kansas and the northwest country at the same time. They appeared in Texas in 1845 and 1849, and Mr. Taylor, in an article on the subject in one of the Smithsonian reports, names the year 1855 as a general grasshopper year over the whole Western continent, including parts of Mexico and Central America. The years 1866 and 1867 were marked locust years in Kansas, Nebraska and adjacent territory; in 1867 they were also very destructive in Utah. Mr. Walsh, who studied up the grasshopper invasion of 1867, shows conclusively that after the departure of the grasshoppers that had hatched from eggs deposited the previous year a fresh host of invaders descended upon the fertile plains of the Mississippi from the Rocky mountains, and at precisely the same period of the year as in the preceding one. The dates given are August 25 to to September 30, while the swarms hatched from eggs laid the year before matured and took wing at least forty-two days earlier.

From 1869, 1870 and 1872 and 1873 they again appeared, though the next locust year of importance was last season, when, as your readers are well aware, hundreds of homes were made desolate, farms were laid waste, and famine almost ensued; and had not the widespread calamity proved a national one and the sympathies of the people been enlisted, untold suffering and death would have been the consequence. The damage inflicted upon Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas and portions of Wyoming, Dakota, Minnesta, Iowa, Missouri and a few other States and Territories has been estimated at nearly $50,000,000 for that season, when there was a fresh invasion from the Rocky mountains in addition to the hosts already present from the eggs laid in 1873.

In 1875 they again appear over the same territory, the eggs deposited in 1874 hatched out by the million, notwithstanding the cold winter, which seemed to encroach far into spring, and until the present time they have been ravaging the country pretty much in the same manner as last year, though it has been hoped that early migration would yet give time for replanting and for bountiful crops.

A Tramp's Death.

The following associated press dispatch was published: "A train on the Hudson River railroad ran over a woman and her child at Glenwood yesterday morning, killing the mother instantly, and injuring the child so seriously that he will die. They were 'tramps.'" What a train of thought this fragment of press news inspires! "They were tramps." Who was this poor woman? How far had she come with her child in her arms, and where was she tramping to?

Whose daughter was she, and who was her husband? She must have had friends once—a father and mother, sisters, brothers, and nearer yet—a lover. She may have been reared in luxury, and have been drawn at lightning speed over the same road which she was so wearily tramping when she was swept into eternity. What was the difference between this woman and child and those who rode in the palace cars of that express train? All belong to the same family; all are human beings actuated by the same motives, the same joys and sorrows, the same loves, hopes and fears, the only difference consisting in the possession of a little dross called money. Ah, who can believe that if this life were all, that the great Creator would have so distributed its joys and sorrows? Who can resist the feeling that, somewhere beyond, there is a recompense for the pain and trouble of this life? Somewhere a place where the little tramps which have scarcely opened their eyes on this life, will have as snowy wings as those whose heads have rested on downy pillows from their birth? Somewhere a great and glorious eternity, in which this life is only a threshold, and through which we are all tramping—tramping onward to our rest.

United States Finances.

The internal revenue receipts of the United States for the last fiscal year were $109,786,398. The secretary of the treasury estimated them at $105,000,000, and the commissioner of internal revenue at $107,000,000. The excess over the higher estimate is close on to $3,000,000, which is due to the additional taxes levied by the tax and tariff act of last winter.

The customs receipts for the fiscal year are $156,479,132 in coin and $1,111,276 in currency, or a total of $157,590,408. The secretary estimated the customs receipts for this fiscal year at $162,000,000. The actual receipts, therefore, are $4,409,592 below the estimates. This estimate, it must be remembered, was in advance of the passage of the tariff bill. The customs receipts for this year are $5,466,715 less than those for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1874. The secretary's estimates of the customs receipts for the ensuing fiscal year are $170,000,000; but if there is not an unexpected revival of importations there can be but little hope of the receipts approximating estimates.

A Workingmen's Platform.

At a mass meeting of workingmen in Independence square, Philadelphia, a series of resolutions were adopted embodying the following:

That it becomes the duty as well as the hope of labor to organize in co-operative associations both distributive and productive, and the government should aid and encourage all such efforts.

That no charters should be granted except on the principle of dividing the surplus, after paying expenses and interest on the capital invested, among all the employees in proportion to their earnings.

The retracing of the steps looking to forced specie payments and the substitution of a full legal-tender paper currency, making the rate of interest the measure of its value.

Demanding the punishment of corruptionists and smugglers in high positions, and appealing to President Grant to cut loose from the money-changers who have of late controlled his actions.

The Inebriate Asylum.

The last annual report of the Franklin Reformatory Home for Inebriates, of Philadelphia, an institution of modest pretensions which has had decided success in the work for which it is designed, Dr. Harris, the attending physician, expresses some views in relation to inebriate asylums which are worth attention. In the Franklin Home the theory that drunkenness is a disease finds no favor; intemperance is looked upon as a sin, a moral evil to be met with moral means after the applicant by medical treatment has been placed in a sufficiently sound physical state to listen to reason, and profit by teaching and example. Medication is necessary to restore the system reduced by excesses, but neither medicines, hot baths, sulphur baths, nor other means of that character are expected to cure the patient so that the desire for alcoholic drinks shall cease. Dr. Harris believes that the asylum system has not yet been fully and carefully tested in this country: that too much attention has been directed to finding cures for the supposed disease, and not enough to reforming the habit of intemperance. He attributes the difficulties of the asylum system to the fact that the inmates have no business to occupy them; that many of them have no sincere desire for reformation; and to the demoralizing tendency of their association together, their classification being based rather upon social grounds than the degree of anxiety or indifference they manifest upon the question of reformation. A powerful influence is exerted upon the inmates of the Franklin Home by the visits of reformed inebriates who have been reclaimed there, and who regularly devote a part of their time to the encouragement of those who are endeavoring to follow their example. During the three years that the institution has been in operation, of 372 applicants who have been admitted, 158 are reported as reformed, forty-five as benefited, and 139 as "doubtful." The average time that the inebriates had been in the habit of drinking to excess was six years and seven months. Representatives of 113 different occupations, among them clergymen, physicians and merchants, have availed themselves of the opportunities afforded by the home for the work of self-reformation, under the favorable influences afforded there.

The Story of a Wreck.

In these days of wrecked steamships, this curious story connected with the loss of the Central America, which foundered at sea off the coast of Georgia, in August, 1857, with six hundred passengers and $1,600,000 of treasure, has peculiar interest. Sixty of the passengers of the ill-fated vessel were picked up by a Swedish bark and taken into Savannah. Gen. Sherman says:

"A few days after, I was standing in the vestibule of the Metropolitan Hotel, and heard the captain of the Swedish bark tell his singular story of the rescue of these passengers. He was a short, sailor-like looking man, with a strong German or Swedish accent. He said that he was sailing from some port in Honduras for Sweden, running down the Gulf stream off Savannah. The weather had been heavy for some days, and, about nightfall, as he paced his deck, he observed a man-of-war hawk circle about his vessel, gradually lowering, until the bird was as it were aiming at him. He jerked out a belaying-pin, struck at the bird, missed it, when the hawk again rose high in the air, and a second time began to descend, contract his circle, and make at him again. The second time he hit the bird, and struck it to the deck. This strange fact made him uneasy, and he thought it betokened danger; he went to the binnacle, saw the course he was steering, and, without any particular reason, he ordered the steersman to alter the course one point to the east.

"After this it became quite dark, and he continued to promenade the deck, and had settled into a drowsy state, when, as in a dream, he thought he heard voices all round his ship. Waking up, he ran to the side of the ship, saw something struggling in the water, and heard clearly cries for help. Instantly heaving his ship to, and lowering all his boats, he managed to pick up sixty or more persons who were floating about on skylights, doors, spars, and whatever fragments remained of the Central America. Had he not changed the course of his vessel by reason of the mysterious conduct of that man-of-war hawk, not a soul would probably have survived the night."

Detroit Free Pressings.

Shad are now so plentiful and so cheap in New York State towns that it is a positive relief to enter a butcher shop and pay two shillings for a soup-bone.

Deaf and dumb girls in Missouri have as many rights as any other girl, and they insist on being sparked Sunday nights. It's a dumb quiet spark for the fellow.

It is estimated that one hundred thousand pounds of chloride of lime would sweeten Chicago river for about fifteen minutes, and Chicago may be happy yet.

There! What'd we tell you last January! Every peach tree in Delaware is loaded down until every limb has to be held up with a clothes prop.

One Missouri crow got away with 1,387 potato bugs in forty-five minutes, and he didn't seem to feel well that morning, either.

Sponge baths are no longer to be had in Chicago. So many sponges came along that the bath owners couldn't make a cent.

Once more now—altogether—"hooray!" and then shut up about Bunker Hill.

Remember, if you are going into the country or to some watering-place, that every paper in the land wants to publish at length your puffs of hotels and individuals.

The Norristown *Herald* doesn't believe that lightning is half as dangerous as people try to make out. It's all right there where the mountains prevent the bolts from turning somersaults, but come West, young man, and get initiated.

They say that in countries visited by earthquakes about twice per year no capitalist asks over five per cent. interest for his money.

A woman who can make a bed without leaving a lump in it, and can cook a beefsteak right, need not worry about her future.

A Disaster at Sea.

About eleven o'clock at night a fearful accident occurred in Hampton Roads, caused by the collision between the steamer Isaac Bell, of the Old Dominion line, and the tug Lumberman, by which ten men lost their lives. The Lumberman, with a private excursion party, was returning from Old Point, after the fireworks, and when about a mile this side of Vue de Leau was run into by the Bell and sunk instantly.

From the survivors we learn that up to a moment or so before the collision there was not the slightest idea that the boats would collide. The Bell was seen coming down the harbor and her movements watched. Whistles were blown, but, as before stated, her proximity was not noticed until a moment or so previously, when in an instant the Lumberman was crushed like an egg shell. The first cry of warning was from a passenger who cried out to Captain Brown that the Isaac Bell would be down upon them, and in a flash the collision occurred. The steamer Isaac Bell immediately stopped and put out her boats to the rescue and succeeded in picking up many of the passengers.

Trouble Ahead.

"See that fat man, don't you Jack?" queried a bootblack at the post-office; "well, he's laying up heaps of trouble. When you see a man named Johnson, for instance, slying around to the general delivery window and getting little pink envelopes directed to 'De Forest' he's standing on the verge of the grave. The first thing he knows, his wife 'll come down here and get hold of one of those purty little letters, and then she'll untie her bonnet strings and mop her husband all over these flags, and the public 'll get up'n 'rah for her side!" And Jack began to ponder.

THE FLOODS IN FRANCE.

A Sad Story of Desolation, Despair and Death.

The news from France is very sad. The dispatches which have come to us from Paris, Toulouse, Bordeaux, by cable from time to time, have prepared us for this dismal narrative. But when we read the details of the calamity we see that not one-half has been told. The misfortune of calamities like this is that they can be attributed to no mishap of administration, no disregard of plain and necessary duties, no oversight or neglect. It is not like a pestilence. That comes slowly, and we may escape from its deadly blight. It is not like a famine. That we can foresee, and the enterprise and humanity of favored nations can generally avert or alleviate its influence. It is not like war; for war, with its trials, more terrible, we regret to say, than any other visitation, has its compensations in the patriotic feeling which shrinks from no sacrifice, however exacting—devastation, rapine, even death itself—when in behalf of fatherland. This disaster came like a thunderbolt, in a night, without warning and without remedy, sweeping all before it in its desolating sway. In the fine old words of the law books, it can only be called "the visitation of God."

No part of France is more interesting to the student and the traveler than the valley of the Garonne. Its history goes back to the time when the Roman arms were sweeping over the Continent and bringing the ancient dominions of Gaul within the limits of the gigantic empire. It was here that the Visigoths made a desperate effort to found their rude and powerful dynasties. These plains are memorable from many campaigns—from those of Charlemagne, when he founded his empire, to those of Napoleon, who fought his last battle for the dominion of Europe before he was driven to Elba. It has a sad and proud memory to all who remember the struggles of the Albigensians for religious freedom—unavailing struggles against the supreme and widely-reaching power of Rome. In this country the beautiful language of Oc is spoken—the language of romance and song. France has no fields more fair, no valleys more inviting, no mountain ranges more imposing and picturesque than the hills and plains of Garonne. And, as if to make the visitation more cruel, the country now suffering so fearfully escaped from the exactions of the last war. The tide of invasion did not reach the Garonne, and we question if any of the less fortunate provinces of France—those which felt most cruelly the heel of the invader—were so sorely afflicted as those whose misfortunes now arrest the sympathy and attention of the civilized world.

It seems that heavy rains fell in all parts of France, and that few parts of the country have escaped more or less damage. For thirty-six hours the windows of heaven were opened and torrents of rain fell upon the doomed valley. "The water poured in sheets." The water rose above the villages and practically submerged them. In one village near Toulouse only three houses out of four hundred were left standing. The railways stopped their services, for the tracks were submerged and bridges carried away. In Toulouse alone twenty thousand persons were deprived of means of subsistence. One quarter of that city contained two hundred and fifteen bodies of drowned citizens, "and this is but a fractional part of the death roll," many people perishing in the houses which were swept away. In addition to the rains there was the melting of the snows on the Pyrenees and the Cevennes. Lands were overflowed, fields deluged, towns and suburbs flooded. It comes in the time of harvest, and after a harvest of unusual richness and promise. "The corn, the wine and the oil," says one writer, "the fair expanses of the finest wheat, the clustering and the trellised vines, the olive and the mulberry trees, are the victims of the southern rivers' riotous outbursts when the volume of water became uncontrollable, while the banks were overleaped by the impatient torrent." France has seen no such flood for twenty years, when the valley of the Seine suffered from a similar calamity and the Emperor Napoleon went into the country to remedy the distress. At that time the emperor, who was new to his throne and anxious to win some surer title to popular favor than even a Russian war, went among the people—at a great personal sacrifice and not without danger—and distributed relief. It was a timely and grateful act, enhancing his popularity and remembered to his honor and advantage long after more noisy achievements were forgotten.

What Napoleon as emperor did MacMahon as president is doing now. In a government as paternal as France, where the people, no matter their stress, look to Paris for aid and direction, the direct personal intervention of the chief of the state is always welcomed. So we have had the president promptly hurrying to the scene of the disaster and stirring to give succor. The assembly at once offered a contribution to the aid of the wretched and unfortunate people. Other countries have passed in their contributions. England, always ready and generous in welldoing, has given large sums of money. The same may be said of Belgium, Holland and warm-hearted little Switzerland. In the presence of sorrow and distress so vast and widespread nationalities are forgotten, race and politics are forgotten, and we have the brotherhood of humanity, which is only a step toward that complete brotherhood which we trust some day to see all over Europe. While we mourn with France over her misfortunes we rejoice with her over the sympathy and kindness they have evoked. This is due to France. Whatever the faults of the people they have never looked on in silence or apathy when the cry of distress was heard. We regret that the benevolence of America does not appear in this noble record. The Americans are a generous people, and especially so to France. Now is the time to make this appear. We trust that our people will seize the unhappy opportunity and out of that abundant and flowing charity, always a glory to the American name, send a subscription to the Garonne, testifying our sympathy with this untoward disaster and our desire to show the highest and most practical illustration of a friendship which, whenever invoked by us, has never failed to be responded to by France.—*New York Herald.*

The Baby's Petition.

A girl baby, apparently about two weeks old, was left upon the porch of the house of a gentleman in Leon, N. Y. Accompanying the child was the following note:

Is there room for me? I have come to the door of this house that the Lord hath blessed in hopes of finding it open. My little wings are weary, for I came the crevices in the mountains, and forsaken by my father and mother. I am a little wanderer, a tiny baby girl, and like the dear Jesus, "no place to lay my head." So, "as not a sparrow falls to the ground without the Father's notice," I have been directed here. Take me, love me, protect me, and hear the Gentle Shepherd: "Hungry and ye fed me, thirsty and ye gave me drink, naked and ye clothed me, a stranger and ye took me in." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Then, O turn me not away, but let me nestle close to your bosom, and when covered by your love I shall cease to be nobody's child. You can keep me; my parents cannot. Parentage respectable, healthy, and not low in moral character.

The child was well dressed, and with it was a good supply of infant's clothing. The child has been adopted by the family, who are well pleased with the unexpected present.

A Long Suit.

A lawsuit in progress in Kentucky was begun in 1815, the matter at issue being the title to a tract of 19,000 acres of land. The original plaintiff was Joseph Blackwell, and the defendants were ninety-nine in number. The plaintiff died thirty years ago, and now it is believed that not one of the original parties or of the attorneys originally employed survives. The suit descends from father to son as much as a prized family possession.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad

The Minnesota State Democratic Convention nominated D. L. Buell for governor. The platform opposes all attempts to limit the freedom of the press; a return to gold and silver as the basis of the currency of the country, with preparation and effective measures to secure the resumption of specie payments; tariff for revenue only consistent with an honest administration; no government partnership with protected monopolies; equal and exact justice to all men; no partial legislation; no partial taxation; free and uniform excise laws; no sumptuary laws.....The Wisconsin Republican State Convention nominated Mayor Harrison Ludington, of Milwaukee, for governor. The platform adopted approves the letter of President Grant discouraging the continuance in office of any Chief Magistrate of the nation for a longer period than two terms; favors the gradual resumption of specie payments by continuous steps in that direction, in such a manner as to disturb the business interests of the country as little as possible; and favors a tariff for revenue only, so adjusted as to be the least burdensome and the most favorable to the interests of labor and industry.....Mr. Gildersleeve, of the American rifle team, won the cup offered by the mayor of Belfast, which was shot for at that place at one thousand yards. When all the contestants had had their five shots, it was found that Gildersleeve, of the American team, and Lee, of the Irish, both counted nineteen out of a possible twenty. They each then fired three shots to decide the matter, but again tied. Once more they tried when Gildersleeve counted twelve to his opponent's ten. The enthusiasm was great.....The members of Plymouth Church, at a meeting held for the purpose, voted unanimously that Mr. Beecher's salary for the year 1875 should be $100,000. His regular salary being $20,000, the church takes this course to allow him $80,000 toward the expenses of his late trial.....Italy declines to take part in our centennial exhibition on account of the expense.....Loader and Price, the alleged perjurers in the Beecher case, had a preliminary examination, and were committed to await the action of the grand jury.....Gov. Osborn, of Kansas, has forwarded to the President a strong remonstrance against the settlement of the Sioux and other hostile Indians in the Indian Territory, adjacent to Kansas.

The steamer Poyang, from Hong Kong to Macos, China, was lost with over one hundred souls on board.....Thomas Malone, employed in a yeast factory at Bilesville, Long Island, while stirring a large tank of boiling yeast, lost his balance and fell in. He was boiled to death—the skin being completely stripped from his body.....George Brown, the noted oarsman, died at Halifax, N. S., at the age of thirty-six years.....Capt. Queen, of the United States steamer Saranac, recently lost near Vancouver's Island, has made an official report, in which he states that the vessel was caught in a whirlpool which prevented her minding the rudder, and in this condition she was thrown bodily on the sunken rock.....The Erie railway company's suit against Commodore Vanderbilt to recover nearly $5,000,000, alleged to have been fraudulently obtained by him from the company, was decided lately on appeal in favor of the company.....General Frank P. Blair died suddenly in St. Louis. He had been very low for many months, but under the treatment of blood infusing was gradually gaining, and had already ridden out a number of times, even walking down stairs the day of his death.....The families of the Indian prisoners at St. Augustine are to be sent them.

The bravery of an express messenger was all that prevented a heavy robbery on the Vandalia road, a short distance from Casey, Illinois. Two men got on the engine while it was stopping for water and after killing the engineer started the machinery. Meanwhile others of the band had uncoupled the Adams express car, so that the moving train under charge of the robbers consisted of the engine, tender and express car, leaving the balance of the train standing still. After proceeding two miles the engine was stopped and the robbers demanded admittance of the express messenger, but as his car was strong and without windows he refused to surrender, and offered to shoot any one who broke into his car. The robbers were unsuccessful in their efforts to secure an entrance and had to content themselves by firing many shots through the car in hopes of hitting the messenger. As soon as the conductor and train employees discovered the engine and car gone they organized a force and followed on, but the robbers had gone without securing anything.....Mark Brown was hanged at Monticello, N. Y., for the murder of Sylvester Carr at Purvis in October last. He was intoxicated at the time of the murder.....The American rifle team having decided to engage in but one team match during their visit, have declined to shoot against a picked team of English riflemen. They will enter Wimbledon for the Albert cup and other places open to all comers.....The Brazilian naval surgeon who volunteered and helped to take care of the persons sick with yellow fever on board the United States steamer Lancaster, after the two regular ship surgeons had perished of the fever, accompanied the vessel to this country and was thanked by our government for his action. The government also asked him to visit our principal cities and watering places and detailed an officer to accompany him.

Edward Kelly, a bridge watchman, his wife and child, was run over at Otsego, N. Y., by a railroad train. Kelly and his wife were killed, but the child escaped.....The insurrection in Herzegovina extends along the Dalmatian border. It is much more serious than the usual disturbances in that quarter. The populace have attacked the Turkish authorities in the frontier towns, and in many places the Austrian flag has been raised.....The Atlantic cotton mills of Lawrence, Mass., which employs 1,250 operatives, shut down on a late Saturday for eight weeks. The suspension may be for a longer time if the present stock of goods is not marketed.....The Salmon Falls Manufacturing Company in Salmon Falls, N.H., have closed their mill No. 2, for two months.....Mrs. Sartoris has presented President Grant with a 10½-pound grandson.....Gen. Frank Blair's funeral was attended by Gen. Sherman and staff, Gen. Blair's old regiment, and many distinguished men.....During a dispute between John Van Voort and a sixteen-year-old boy named John Barrett, in Loisburg, N. J., Barrett struck Van Voort on the back of the head with a ball club, killing him.

The one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the battle of the Boyne was generally celebrated by the Orangemen throughout the country by indulging in picnics. The only disturbance reported was at Lawrence, Mass., where a party of a dozen Orangemen with their ladies were assaulted by a mob of several hundred and many stones thrown at them. The little party sought the protection of the police, and under charge of the mayor and a squad of officers started for their homes. The mob, much augmented, again attacked them with bricks, stones and other missiles, until every one of the party excepting the mayor were injured. Finally, as the mob made another onslaught with the cry of "Kill the Orangemen," the latter drew their pistols and fired into the crowd, which quickly dispersed them. The riot lasted for an hour and a half, and resulted in the wounding of two men, one woman, and a boy on the part of the mob, and twelve Orangemen and four policemen more or less seriously injured by bricks.....A terrible crime committed in March last has just come to light near Raleigh, N. C. Scott Partin, a white man, cut his wife's throat, then cut her head off, unjointed her at every joint, cut the flesh off her bones, and attempted to burn her body up, but did not succeed. Then he murdered his little boy, a child eight months old, and buried the two bodies in a marsh.....Divers are again at work at the sunken Schiller, and it is thought they will recover the treasure.....A bold robbery was perpetrated in New York in broad daylight. At ten o'clock in the morning three men called at the house of a Mrs. Danser, in Eleventh street, and on Mrs. Danser (who was the only person in the house) answering the ring, they informed her that they were sent by the water company to examine the pipes. She readily admitted them, but when the door was closed found herself suddenly seized from behind, gagged and shackled. The thieves then admitted two or three confederates, and the party, after vainly endeavoring to make Mrs. Danser tell where her husband kept his bonds, commenced a close investigation of the entire house, breaking open closets and drawers, turning everything over, and even ripping up the carpets and upholstery. They finally left, taking with them $40,000 in Virginia bonds.

Prof. Marsh, of Yale College, who made a trip to the Indian country in the interests of science, has addressed a letter to President Grant in relation to frauds which came under his eyes at Red Cloud's agency, and which he promised Red Cloud to call the attention of the President to. He states that the agent is wholly unfit for his position and guilty of gross frauds; that all the food is of very poor quality, in consequence of which the Indians suffered much.....Gen. Crook, in command at the Black Hills, has received instructions from the War department to continue to keep people from going to the Black Hills, at least until the result